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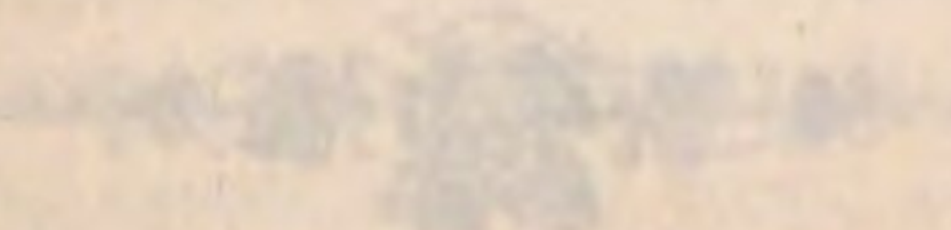
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THE
GERMAN PARNASSUS
The
German Parnassus

by
of the most celebrated
GERMAN POETS.
Mary Anne Burt.

IN ENGLISH VERSE


Mary Anne Burt.


Chor. 1853.

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The
German Parliaments

By
John Fort



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Translator's Preface.

In this Collection, I offer to the public the fruits of many years' study, and deep research in the German literature, which affords so wide a range, that I have felt no embarrassment through want of materials, the only difficulty existed, in making a suitable choice.

The modern German literature contains a great many poetical productions which, although alluring by a brilliant exterior, are entirely deficient in true poetical alloy. We are led to believe that, some German poets have too liberally availed themselves of a precept which has been attributed to a certain celebrated Diplomatist that: "Words have been bestowed on man, for no purpose but to enable him to conceal his thoughts."

Goethe has a sympathetic feeling, when he remarks, in 'Faust': "Most persons who hear words imagine, they contain a meaning, sous-entendu."

I feel not ambitious to obtain the suffrage of this class of the public, and I have only translated such compositions as speak, equally to the mind, and heart: the true poet possesses both.

A distinguished German scholar who is as well known by his pure and elegant style, as by his philosophical

writings, has been my continual guide, in this work, and to his valuable surveillance I feel greatly indebted. To him, and to other enlightened, and noble-minded friends, I here offer my tribute of gratitude, for the warm interest they have, voluntarily, testified in my occupations.

Though, among the modern German poets, there are some who have produced effusions, worthy of immortality, I cannot deny that, Goethe and Schiller have made the deepest impression on my mind, and their inspirations will occupy the most prominent place in this volume, and, at a future epoch, I shall publish these justly celebrated Poets' Lyrical Works, complete.

Although the study of the German language and literature is now become so universally fashionable in England, there are, comparatively, few persons who are sufficiently initiated, to enable them to appreciate the soul of a language, so rich, and so varied in lyrical effusions, therefore I hope this volume, and the succeeding ones, may experience a favourable reception from those who are interested in German literature, yet have not leisure and opportunity to become profoundly acquainted with the German language which is universally acknowledged extremely difficult, correctly, to acquire.

Coire. July 12. 1853.

Frederick Schiller.

(Born 1759, at Marbach, in Wurtemberg.

Died, 1805, at Weimar.)

The Hunter of the Alps.

Wilt thou tend the lambs, no longer, —
Lambs, so gentle and so mild,
That near murmuring streamlets wander,
Playing mid sweet flowerets wild?
“Mother, — mother, let me go
Towards yon mount, to chase the roe!”

Wilt thou not our flock assemble

By the shepherd's merry horn? —

Tones of sheep-bells gently tremble,

Through the echoing forest borne. —

“Mother, — mother, let me go

Towards yon wild, steep mountain-brow!”

Wilt thou leave yon beauteous flowers

In thy garden, oh, my child? —

Yonder bloom no fragrant bowers;

Snow-crowned Alps are bleek and wild! —

“Leave the flowers — they still will grow;

Mother, — mother, let me go!” —

Swift towards Alpine regions bending,

What the sanguine youth's delight,

When, o'er sombre cliffs ascending,

He has reached the loftiest height! —

Trembling a gazelle doth bound,

Near him o'er the forest-ground.

Now the youth his prey descryeth,
 Darting mid rocks, drear and steep,
And o'er chasms dark she flieth,
 With a fearless, graceful leap,
Yet, the dauntless Mountaineer
Follows with his murderous spear.

Towards the loftiest rock she boundeth,
 Yet, alas! — what fatal ground!
Danger the lone path surroundeth,
 Ah! — no egress can be found;
Caves unfathomed frown below,
And before her stands the foe.

With mute gaze she supplicateth,
 Piteously and tenderly;
All in vain; — his aim he taketh,
 Now the fatal dart will fly. —
Swiftly from the Alpine height
Lo! — a Genius doth alight.

Towards the mute gazelle he flieth,
 Shielding her with hand divine.
 "Death and woe," the Genius crieth,
 "Bring'st thou unto realms of mine?
 Since room for all the earth contains,
 Why slay the herds of my domains?"

The Ideal.

Faithless Spirit! — wilt thou forsake me,

With each celestial fantasy —

Each joy, and tender grief — and make me

A wanderer lone, uncheer'd by thee?

Hast thou abandoned me, for ever,

Thou Genius of life's golden May? —

Eternity's unfathomed river

Bears thee, remorselessly, away!

Flown is my dream of youthful pleasures,

Ye days of sunshine! — now we part.

Th' Ideal is vanished, with her treasures

That, once enthralled, my sanguine heart.

That creed enchanting, taught mid slumbers, —

Written with Heaven's own glowing ray, —

Attuned to harmony's sweet numbers,

To frigid Life is now a prey.

Pygmalion once, with ardour glowing,
Clasped to his heart the senseless stone,
On the cold marble life bestowing

That from his ardent soul had flown; —
I thus loved Nature — thus embraced her,

With a young poet's fervent zeal,
Till chaffed to life, new beauties graced her,
And sympathy she seemed to feel.

— Soon, my enthusiasm sharing,

She learned responses to impart,
Bestowed the kiss of love endearing,

And knew each mystery of my heart.
Then roses — trees — for me were breathing,
Each stream harmoniously flowed,
Garlands the soulless then seemed wreathing;
My life — new life, on all, bestowed.

How uncontrollably seemed swelling

My soul to rend each narrow bound,
Towards Life to rush, and find a dwelling
In deed, in word, in form, and sound!

The world — how beauteous when reposing
As, in its bud, that world was seen! —
How few the flowerets now disclosing;
That few — how blighted and how mean!

Ah! — how does youth — novice in sorrow,
Rush, in the ardour of his dreams,
On life's wide stage! — each coming morrow
More joyous to his fancy seems.

His soul enthusiastic flieth,
And basks amid Heaven's starry height;
Nothing too high, or distant lieth,
As glides his wing through ether bright.

He roves to Fancy's realm — she crowns him
With bliss most arduous to obtain;
The pageantry of Life surrounds him,
And Life's gay, fascinating train.
Fortune attends, with golden treasures,
Glory — with crown of star-gemmed blaze,
Love — with gently-beguiling pleasures,
Truth — circled by celestial rays!

With wounded heart, the wanderer seeth,
When, on the centre of life's road,
Each treacherous phantom swiftly fleeth
To a mysterious abode.

With science, though he be not weary,
Joy glides away, with footstep light, —
Doubt's clouds, impenetrably dreary,
Casts o'er Truth's ray, the gloom of night.

Bright coronets, of Glory's wreathing,
O'er vulgar brows I saw entwined,
And love's young blossoms, incense-breathing,
Were blighted by the ruthless wind.
More and more drear the night-blast sweeping
Where'er the mournful pilgrim roved.
Hope faintly smiled, as lone, and weeping,
Still, o'er Life's sombre path, he moved.

Of my companions — who will guide me?
From whom will consolation come?
Who, faithfully, will move beside me,
Towards the dark portal of the tomb? —

Thou, Friendship — thou my care beguilest,
Thy hand has balm for every wound;
Life's woes are lightened when thou smilest,
Thee have I sought — and thee have found!

And thou who with sweet Friendship twining,
Dost calm the soul's tumultuous storms,
Employment! — balm of life, combining
Atoms, to mould immortal forms! —
Though grain, by grain, thy hand bestoweth,
Eternal structures dost thou raise,
Effacing, as life's river floweth,
Time's debt — the minutes, years, and days.

Joy and Beauty.

If, Beauty thou hast ne'er beheld,
When clouds of sorrow lower,
To thee has never been revealed
Beauty's resistless power;

If thou hast ne'er, on Beauty's cheek,
Seen Joy's luxuriant dye,
Joy's captivating witchery
Has never charmed thine eye.

F l o w e r s.

Ye foster-children of the sun,
Flowers of the meadow gay,
Favourites of Nature, ever young,
Her gems of purest ray!
How rich your silver-spangled vest!
Your graceful forms hath Flora dressed
In Heaven's own colours bright;
Yet — weep, Spring's children! — Though you live,
To you, no Soul doth Flora give,
And ah! — ye bloom at night.

To you, the lark and nightingale
E'er warble tenderly,
And amorous sylphs, from wood, and vale,
Caress you as they fly.

Hath not the Queen Idalian spread
Your perfumed chalice, as a bed,
For the delights of love?
Children of Spring! — your tears should flow,
Alas! — to Love's celestial glow,
Insensible ye prove!

Yet, when a mother's stern decree,
From Nina, bids me part,
The flowers I send reveal to thee
The secrets of my heart. —
In you, mute Messengers, combined,
Life, language, soul, and heart, I find,
My sufferings you disclose,
And, in your leaves, of beauteous dye,
The mightiest Divinity
Doth silently repose.

Frederick Godfrey Klopstock.

(Born 1724 at Quedlinbourg in Prussia.

Died 1803 at Hamburg.)

The rosy Band.

I saw her, as she sleeping lay,
And bound her, mid spring's joyous hours,
With rosy Bands of perfumed flowers.

I stood and gazed — and, in my heart,
I felt — and yet, I knew not why, —
One Band allied our destiny.

I shook the fragrant, rosy Band,
 And, as I gently-whispering spoke,
 The Maiden, from her sleep, awoke.

She gazed on me: — that glance revealed —
 Her future fate and mine were one,
 And joys Elysian round us shone.

Fatherland Song.

Composed for Miss **ELIZABETH J. DE WINTHON.**

I am a German Maiden,
With gentle glance, and eye of blue,
And I possess a loyal heart,
Noble, affectionate, and true.

I am a German Maiden:
Stern glances kindle in mine eye,
For him who, towards his fatherland,
Acts falsely, or unworthily.

I am a German Maiden;
Where'er, on the wide earth, I roam,
What land would I exchange, for thee,
Germania! — my native home!

List! — no German Youth art thou,
If thou indifferent shouldst prove,
Or shouldst not love Germania,
As I that land shall ever love.

Ah! — no German Youth art thou,
Who alien, on a foreign strand,
Consignest, to oblivion,
Affection towards a fatherland.

I am a German Maiden;
What recollections sweet are near, —
How palpitates my sanguine heart,
When — “Fatherland” — salutes mine ear!

And, on a German Youth, alone,
Would I bestow that heart — this hand, —
A youth who loyalty has shown
Towards our beloved Fatherland.

The Summer Night.

When through the tall, umbrageous forest-trees,
The silvery beams of gentle Luna glide, —
When, mid dark linden-boughs, the perfumed
breeze,
In whispering murmurs, flows at eventide, —

Musings on loved ones — slumbering in the
tomb,
Cast, o'er my heart, a sombre drapery;
Ah! — then, for me, in vain, spring-flowerets
bloom,
And eve's pale shadows veil my weeping eye.

Ye Dead! — these scenes I, once, enjoyed
with you,

How fragrant, then, was evening air! —
how bright

Were vernal flowers, begemmed with glittering
dew!

And Nature lovelier, 'neath the moon's
pale light.

John W. Goethe.

(Born at Frankfort on the Maine 1749.

Died at Weimar, 1833.)

The Minstrel.

“Hark! — from the bridge and palace-walls,

What tones melodious vibrate near? —

Haste; — let that song, within our halls,

Reverberate, and enchant the ear!” —

A page obedient swiftly flies,

The page returns — the Monarch cries:

“Bid the Minstrel enter.” —

“May God protect each gallant knight!

May God preserve you, ladies fair!

What a refulgent Heaven of light!

Who name the stars that sparkle here? —

Be closed mine eye! — presume not thou

To rove where regal splendours glow;

Ill-timed thy contemplation!” —

The Minstrel’s eye is closed, while sound

Heart-thrilling tones of harmony;

Brave knights express their joy profound,

Fair ladies hear, with downcast eye.

The King, enraptured with the strain,

Sends to the Bard a golden chain,

To prove his approbation. —

“Sire! — not on me this chain bestow,

But rather on that valiant knight

By whom the lances of thy foe

Shiver to atoms, in the fight;

Or, let this golden weight adorn

Thy chancellor; — long be it worn,

With other burdens weighty!”

“As birds that warble on a tree,

I chant my independent lays;

An inspiration joyous — free,

Generously, itself repays:

Yet — dare I make thee one request? —

Grant me a draught of wine, — thy best,

In golden, sparkling goblet.” —

He quaffs the beverage eagerly: —

“Oh, luscious nectar of the earth!

How blest the mansion where I see

Such given — yet, deemed of little worth!

When Fortune smiles, remember me,

And thank th’ Almighty gratefully,

As I, to you, feel thankful.”

H o p e.

Joy! — o'er my daily work preside,
And, to Perfection, be my guide!

Ah! — wearied may I never be!

Hope is no dream of fantasy:
These branches that now, feebly grow,
One day will fruit and shade bestow.

Terrestrial Possessions.

To me, I know, belongeth nought,
Save undisturbed, unbiassed Thought

Which, from the soul's recesses flows,
And Joys that favouring hours impart, —
That deep-felt rapture of the heart

Which an indulgent fate bestows.

The Grasshopper.

(Imitated from Anacreon.)

Dear little one! — how blest art thou,
Who flitting forth, from bough to bough,
Dost quaff Heaven's glittering dew, and sing
More joyously than earthly king!
Thou claimest, as thy property,
Whate'er delights thy heart and eye, —
All that bestow the swift-winged hours,
While, hid beneath luxuriant flowers,
Which thine aerial form defend,
Thou livest as the labourer's friend:
Thou, agile Messenger, dost bring
Gay, vivifying thoughts of spring.

“May God protect each gallant knight!

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While, hid beneath luxuriant flowers,
Which thine aerial form defend,
Thou livest as the labourer's friend:
Thou, agile Messenger, dost bring
Gay, vivifying thoughts of spring.

The Muses thee sincerely love,
Phoebus' affection dost thou prove,
The Gods have given thy silvery tone,
Songstress! — to thee is age unknown.
Thou art the poet's friend — kind — good,
Created without flesh and blood;
I thee compare — Daugther of earth,
To Beings of celestial birth!

To
L i d a.

Lida! — the only being thou canst love
Thou claimest, as thine own,
And thou art right; — e'er faithful must I prove;
Since Lida have I known,
The scenes tumultuous of life's troubled dream,
Are as light drapery,
Amid whose waving folds thou e'er dost seem,
An angel hovering nigh.
Thy fascinating form is, to my sight,
As Heaven's pure stars appear,
Beyond that melancholy, flickering light,
Of polar regions drear.

May Song.

Awakened is Nature

To life again;

How smile bright sun-beams

On hill and plain!

On the late chill branches

Are buds of spring,

And countless warblers,

Mid ether sing.

Delight and contentment

Each breast employ;

Sun! — earth! — I salute you,

With heart-felt joy.

Love! — gently thou flittest,
With pinion bright,
As clouds of morning,
O'er mountain height.

Fly, vapour balsamic!
Refresh the earth;
To nameless treasures
Thou givest birth.

Oh maiden! — fair maiden!
I love thee well,
And, that thou lov'st me,
Thy glances tell.

Larks love to chant sweetly,
Mid ether blue;
How love spring-flowerets
Heaven's zephyrs and dew!

Thee — how do I cherish!
How glows each vein!
Joy, youth, and courage,
I feel again.

Thou teachest me sonnets,
And dances gay. —
Live, ever, joyously,
Beauteous May!

Mignon.

(When Goethe was remaining at an hotel, on the frontier of Italy, he was forcibly attracted by an air, sung to the music of a cithern, which he heard in the street. The songstress was an interesting Italian child; her lay depicted, in glowing colours, the beauties of Italy, and the her ardent aspirations to return thither were feelingly expressed. Goethe entered into conversation with the young performer, and translated her song, from the leading subjects of which, he composed the following poem.)

Know'st thou the land where citron-flowerets
bloom, —
The golden orange glows, 'neath leafy gloom, —
Balsamic zephyrs glide, mid Heaven's blue
skies, —
Sweet myrtles thrive, and laurels proudly rise,
Know'st thou the land? —
Beloved! — come,
Haste! — thitherward, with thee, I pant to roam!

Know'st thou the house? — Its roof, on
 columns lies,
 How bright the halls with Art's luxuriant dyes!
 And marble statues seem to say to me,
 With gentle tone: — "Poor child! — what
 grieveth thee?" —

Know'st thou the house? —
 My guardian! — come,
 Haste! — thitherward, with thee, I pant to roam,

Know'st thou the mountain, and its cloud-
 wrapped bridge? —
 Mules move with caution o'er the misty ridge;
 In caverns lives the dragon's ancient brood;
 And through rent rocks — gushes th' impe-
 tuous flood.
 Know'st thou the mount? —

 My father! — come,
 Behold the road! — Haste! — thither let us roam.

(Born 1815 at the Castle of Bensberg, in Rhenish Prussia.
Residence Coire, Switzerland.)

Residence Coire, Switzerland.)

from the

S o l i l o q u y.

Where passed the sacred days of infancy!

Where bloomed the infant, 'neath its

parents' eye!

flood —

Still dear to memory, in my fatherland:

How fair was life, when cradled in the bud! —

That bud — predestined never to expand.

Years glide, by one eternal — fixed decree,
From enterprising youth Age reaps a store;
Yet, earth's best treasures would be given
by me,
Childhood's luxuriant joys to taste once more.
Would — that, with fairy-wand, I could, awhile
Re-vivify Life's withered Flower of spring,
And contemplate the wonders of that isle, —
Scenes, ne'er from memory chassed, by Time's
swift wing!

Mid visions of the night, I saw, afar,
Bright landscapes glowing 'neath benignant
skies;
I saw the roseate lustre of Hope's star,
Irradiate Time's wave, with heavenly dyes! —
Yet, — he who from that isle's safe harbour
sails,
Encounters whirlwinds near a friendly bay,
Till wrecked on rocks, mid overwhelming gales,
To dread abysses Life becomes a prey! —

Vanished th' illusions, to the heart, most dear,
That heart in vain, hopes, mid th' increasing
gloom,

Life's Pilot, to a favouring port, may steer,
E'en midst the night of an engulfing tomb!
That night — o'er which a veil hath Mystery
spread, —

That night — the empire of Eternity! —
Yet — wherefore shudder, o'er that path
to tread? —

Trembles the soul at dread Uncertainty? —

Life fluctuates mid dread Uncertainty —
Fear — anguish — hope! — Why was crea-
tive power,

Maternal Nature, thus employed by thee,
To give frail Man th' existence of an hour! —
Ah! — if, to me, thou Life hadst never given,
I should not have believed, hoped, feared,
or loved,

With no terrestrial grief should I have striven,
And thou, a cruel Mother, ne'er hadst proved!

J. G. de Salis-Seewis.

(Born 1762 at Bothmar, Canton of the Grisons.

Died 1834 at Malans, in Switzerland.)

The Fisherman's Song.

By the Fisherman's duty,

What courage we gain!

We have, as a birth-right,

The stores of the main.

We plough not — we seek not

For treasures untold,

Mid waves is our harvest,

We angle for gold.

Our nets we place safely,
Mid reeds, on the tide,
While we haste to the flood-gate,
Our fish to divide.

The bright, golden willow
Her branches doth shed,
We sleep in cool chambers,
And mats are our bed.

Adorned is our parlour
With coral-sprays red;
Silvery sand, on th' apartments,
Is bounteously spread.

Our neat, rural garden
That stands near the sea,
Is fenced round with palings
Of bark from the tree.

Our boys, in each feature,
Firm courage display;
Their mats they quit gaily,
At dawning of day.

O'er floods, chill and icy,
Now, swimming, they go,
Now, bare-foot, climb mountains,
Enveloped with snow.

Our daughters, at evening,
With pleasure and care,
Are employed at their knitting,
Or nets they repair.

What peals of gay laughter
The villagers greet,
As the mother arranges
The bright fire of peat.

In our boats, on the ocean,
How oft do we row,
While stars smile benignly,
And solace bestow!

The moon in the Heavens,
And the moon in the main,
Conduct us o'er billows,
And homeward again.

We trust to the weather's
Impetuous breath,
In frail boats that hardly
Secure us from death.
To waves and to billows
Our craft we confide,
Unmindful of dangers
That lurk 'neath the tide.

Our God who, at midnight,
Guides lightning — wind — storm,
Is our guardian mid tempests,
And shields us from harm.
The wings of Jehovah
Eternally glide
O'er the mountain gigantic,
And the tomb in the tide.

Frederick Schiller.

The Cranes of Ibycus.

A B a l l a d.

When chariot-racing, feast, and song,
Towards Corinth, lure the joyous throng,
Of Grecia's sons who thither bend,
Speeds Ibycus, th' Olympians' friend.
Apollo's gift — Heaven's sacred glow,
Fires Ibycus' immortal lay;
From Rhegium, as he wanders now,
Sweet inspirations cheer his way.

Corinthian towers, on mountain-height,
Already greet the Minstrel's sight:
He feels a mystic, sacred thrill,
In Neptune's pine-wood, dark and still.

A flock of Cranes attracts his eye,
The sombre swarm his footstep trace,
Migrating to a southern sky,
They, here have found a resting-place. —

—
“Welcome! — companions kind and good!
With Ibycus you crossed yon flood,
Auspicious presages are ye,
How similar our destiny!
From a far distant clime we roam,
To seek a hospitable strand;
Soon may the strangers find a home
And shelter from oppression's hand!” —

—
As, rapidly, in joyous mood,
He gains the centre of the wood,
Two murderers doth the Bard descry,
Forth rushing from an ambush nigh.

He wrestles with th' assassins bold;
Unequal strife! — his hands must yield, —
Hands formed for the lyre's strings of gold,
Unskilled defensive arms to wield.

To Gods and men his prayers arise;
Ah! — thither no deliverer flies,
To his appeal, re-echoing round,
Respondeth not a human sound. —

“On foreign land thus yield my breath!

Unsolaced by warm friendship's tear!
Fierce brigands strike the blow of death;
Is no Avenger hovering near!” —

He falls o'erpowered, and, as he lies,
With pinion swift the Cranes arise;
Their dirge-like tones float mid the sky, —
That dirge he hears, though closed his eye. —
„Ye Cranes, that high, in ether move!

If none — save you — record my death,
Murder's Accusers may you prove!” —
Thus speaking — he resigns his breath.

When, in the wood, the corps is found,
Though pierced with many a gory wound,
The host Corinthian sheds the tear
Of friendship o'er that form, still dear. —

“Thus, Ibycus, I find thee now! —

I hoped, with Victory's crown of pine,
I should have decked thy honoured brow,

Chaffed with the flush of art divine! —

The rumour of the Poet's doom,
O'er Neptune's feast throws frigid gloom;
Each spirit throbs, in sympathy,
Each heart is pierced — tears fill each eye.
Swift, towards the judgment-hall, the crowd,

With tones tumultuous repair,
And, with excited accents loud,

Vengeance, for Murder, claiming there.

Alas! — where find the trace of blood,
Amid this throng — this living flood,
Assembled at the Sea-god's feast? —
Who indicates the murderous guest? —

Did lurking robber strike the blow? —

Was it a foeman's perfidy? —

Thou Sun all piercing! — thou dost know;

What earthly deed is veiled from thee!

He daringly, with mask of peace,

May walk amid the sons of Greece,

And, while keen Justice near him stands,

Eats fruit he won with blood-stained hands.

Yes! — at our temple's sacred door,

He now may tread, and brave the Gods,

Or move in pleasure's throngs that pour,

As living floods, toward Joy's abodes.

The marble columns now seem bow'd

Beneath th' accumulated crowd,

Of Grecians who, from far and wide,

Assemble. — From that human tide,

As, from wild waves, on boisterous sea,

Sounds indistinct — tumultuous rise,

From seats, on seats, that circlingly,

Appear ascending toward the skies!

Who tell the numbers -- who could name
The countless guests that hither came,
From Theseus' town, from Aulis' strand,
From Phosis, from the Spartan's land,
And from remotest isles that lie

Around the Asiatic coast? —
To the Choir's awful melody,
Now lists the mute, astonished host.

With measured pace, and solemnly,
The Choir, as rites of old decree,
With rigid movement, glide around,
The amphitheatre's vast ground. —
Those Women the mute throng behold,

Come from no earthly dwelling-place;
Their forms, above the human mould,
Bespeak them of gigantic race!

Vesture of sombre dye they wear,
In their pale, fleshless hand they bear
Torches of ghastly, lurid glow,
On their wan cheeks no blood doth flow. —

Bright tresses, waving with the wind,
O'er human temples love to play; —
On theirs, poison-swollen-asps are twin'd,
And serpents coil, in dread array,

As glide the Choir, in circles round,
They sing a Hymn, of thrilling sound;
Those measures vibrate through each heart,
And terror unto Guilt impart.

The fearful accents paralyze
Each soul and spirit in the throng.
No lyre's melodious tones arise
Mid the stern Furies' mystic song.

"Happy that man whose guileless soul
Is not a slave to Crime's control;
From us — the Avengers — is he free,
And, o'er life's stage, moves peacefully. —
Woe — woe to Brigands! — With keen sight,
For them — what tortuous snares we spread!
And We — the Daughters of the Night,
Hover where blood-stained Murderers tread."

„Think they by flight, t' elude our eye?
 Whitherso'er they lurk — we fly,
 Their path, with trammels, to inthral,
 Till, in our nets, the Guilty fall!
 Repentance — tears — avail, no more,

We press on — on — remorselessly: —
 Not on the sombre Stygian shore,

From our dread vengeance are they free!” —

They sing — they dance. — Each panting breath
 Is hushed, as by the wand of Death:
 A solemn feeling sways each mind,
 As, to the Godhead's power resigned.
 The Choir, as rites of old ordain,

With measured pace, and glance severe,
 Circle the theatre again,

In distance, now, they disappear. —

Truth and Illusion, o'er each breast,
 Alternately have sway possessed,
 Yet all revere that Sovereign Might
 Which judges all, though veiled from sight; —

Th' Inscrutable — The Undefined
Who Fate's mysterious web hath spun,
And speaks unto the heart, and mind,
Yet, vanishes before the sun. —

Hark! — from the seats — the loftiest tier,
A voice awakeneth every ear: —
„Look yonder, oh, Timotheus!
Behold the Cranes of Ibycus!” —
Gloom transient veils Heaven's canopy,
And, o'er the theatre, the crowd
Survey a swarm of Cranes that fly,
With tones discordant, shrill, and loud.

“Of Ibycus!” — that name, so dear,
Inflames the breast of all who hear.
As wave on wave, mid boisterous sea,
Each echoing voice saith, eagerly:
“Of Ibycus! — that Bard who died,
Pierced by th' assassin's murderous arm? —
Yet — why his honoured Name allied
With yonder Cranes — that sombre swarm?”

Questions, tumultuously arise;
Each heart, as lightning swift, replies,
Forebodingly, yet, clear as light: —
“Eumenides! — we own your might!
Justice is near — Guilt has confessed;
The murderers have silence broken!
Haste! — him who spoke those Words — arrest,
With him to whom the Words were spoken.” —
He who the sentence had expressed,
Would fain have veil'd it in his breast;
Too late! — his fear-blanch'd cheeks reveal
That Deed — he struggles to conceal. —
Within the Judgment-court they stand,
The Scene is changed to Justice' throne,
And, ere keen Vengeance' fearful brand
Descends — their Crime the Murderers own.

Henry Heine.

(Born 1797 at Dusseldorf in Rhenish Prussia.

Residence, Paris.)

To my Beloved.

At early morn is sent by me,
The modest Violet of spring;
At twilight's gentle hour, to thee,
An odoriferous Rose I bring.

What, emblematically say
The blushing Rose, and Violet bright? —
That thou shouldst faithful prove, by day,
And love me tenderly, by night.

Catharina.

A gentle Star illumines my sombre night;
How vivifying that calm, heavenly light!
Existence new is promised, from afar,
Deceive not — beauteous Star! —

As, towards the moon, swells the impetuous sea,
Thus my wild, joyous soul would rush to thee;
Thy ray sheds consolation, from afar;
Deceive not — beauteous Star! —

Bertrand de Born.

What traces deep, of thought profound,
Thine intellectual brow adorn!
Each heart hast thou, in fetters bound,
Oh, Troubadour — Bertrand de Born!

The lions of Plantagenet
Were tamed by thy harmonious tones,
Lured was the daughter in thy net, —
Thy thrilling song subdued the sons.

Tears dimmed the haughty father's eye,
To tenderness was changed his scorn,
By thy bewitching minstrelsy,
Thou Troubadour — Bertrand de Born!

The young Queen.

Once on a time there lived a King,

Splenetic with the cares of life,

And this infirm and grey-haired King

Espoused a youthful wife.

A gentle Page, of graceful mien,

With spirits light, and golden hair,

Attended on that beauteous Queen,

Her silken train to bear.

An ancient legend shall I tell?

Tender, yet sad, the history! —

The Page and Lady loved too well,

And both were doomed to die!

Goethe.

The first Night of Walpurgis.

C a n t a t a.

(The German legend, that the witches and evil spirits assembled, the night of the first of May (Walpurgisnacht), on the summits of the Harz Mountains, is said to have originated in the heathen time, when the Christians endeavoured, by force, to prevent the Druids from observing their accustomed rites of sacrificing in the open air, and on the hills and mountains.

The Druids are said to have placed, around their mountains, sentinels who, with their terrific appearance, hovering round their fires, and clashing their weapons, frightened the enemy, and, by this stratagem, the druidical ceremonies were performed.

On this tradition Goethe has composed the following poem.)

D r u i d.

Thy smiles, oh, May!
 Have chassed away
 The icicles from forest-boughs;
 Snow veileth o'er
 The fields, no more,
 And, through gay bowers, Spring's music flows.

Rise — Flame divine! — towards Heaven's
blue height;
Thus pure may rise our hearts, in prayer!

D r u i d s.

From smoke — may sacred Flame arise!
Perform the ancient sacrifice!
Haste! — to yon mountain-height repair,
And, the Great Father, honour there.

A Voice from the People.

Be silent! — oh, presumptuous breath;
Ah! — will ye rush to certain death?
Have you not heard that law severe
Our barbarous victors promulgate? —
For heathen, and for sinner — there
Ambush, and lurking snare await.

They massacre, on yonder wall,
 Wives — children — those we most revere!
 The Druids — — all —
 Will die by murderous sword and spear!

Choir of Women.

Alas! — on yonder lofty wall,
 The sanguinary victor's sword,
 Our babes — already hath devoured!
 We rush — all — all —
 To perish where our children fall!

Druid.

Who trembles now,
 To pay his vow
 Deserves the conqueror's chain to wear!
 'Neath forest-tree
 Are we not free? —
 The wood is dry — the fire prepare.
 Till evening-hour,
 Midst wood and bower,
 We 'll linger, till declining day;

Our sentinels shall move around,
As guardians of the forest-way.

Chaffed with new zeal may all be found,
And, their accustomed homage, pay!

Choir of Sentinels.

Brave guardians! — separately move,
And o'er the forest-boundaries rove,
While, mid auspicious, mystic night,
The Druids solemnize each rite.

Sentinel.

With consternation we 'll inspire
Yon sombre monks — that priestly choir!
Haste! — with that devil they have formed,

Those christians should we terrify.

Come! — with pike — rattle — pitchfork, armed,

And let our torches, raised on high,
Illume the rocks, with lurid gleam,

And roused by the nocturnal light,
Owls will commingle their wild scream,

Amid our revels of the night!

Choir of Sentinels.

Haste! — with pitchfork, like that devil

Monks have pictured to their flock;

Let harsh rattles, 'mid our revel,

Echo through each cavern'd rock,

And, roused by the appalling gleam,

In chorus wild, may night-owls scream!

D r u i d.

Father of Light!

'Mid shades of night,

Are we compelled Thy praise to sing;

Yet, when morn's ray

Wafts gloom away,

Unsullied hearts, to Thee, we bring.

Though, as before,

Hast Thou the power

To crush us 'neath a vengeful foe, —

As, from yon smoke, pure Flame doth rise,

Thus purely may our Faith still glow;

Though chassed our Rites, — what enemies

Eclipse that Light — Thou dost bestow!

Christian Sentinel.

Companions! — sound an alarm!
 Hell is unchained! — Hell's legions arm!
 See! — by their torches' lurid glare,
 Yon fearful, diabolic forms,
 Part wolf-part man! — She-dragons there,
 Commingle, in dread, fiendish swarms.
 List! — hear ye that unearthly tone?
 Haste, oh, my comrades! — Haste away!
 Mid flames, behold the Evil One,
 And, lit by a sulphureous ray,
 Vapours of Hell rush swiftly on!

Choir of christian Sentinels.

Part man-part wolf! — Dragon-like forms
 Commingle there, in mystic swarms!
 While echoes an unearthly tone,
 Mid flames appears the Evil One! —
 Lo! — from the ground —
 Hell's vapours rush, in torrents, round! —

Choir of Druids.

From smoke, towards Heaven, pure Flames
arise, —

Oh, grant, thus pure our Faith may be!
Foes banish rites and sacrifice;

Yet — who veils Light bestowed by Thee!

The Flower of the Forest.

I rove in the forest,

Devoid of thought,

Why thither I wander,

And seek for nought.

'Neath cool, shady foliage,

A Flower I view,

As star, brightly glowing,

Or eye of blue.

When, to pluck it, I hasten,

The Floweret cries:

“If, hence, thou convey me,

My beauty dies!”

The root is transplanted,

With that sweet Flower,

And placed in my garden’s

Sheltering bower.

When carefully guarded,

And tended there,

New buds soon embellish

That Floweret fair.

G. Mäurer.

Souvenirs.

Celestial Spring, in rosy May,
Gave me a Floweret, bright as day;
With youthful love's devoted care,
I watched that vernal Floweret fair,
From sunny morn
Till eventide.

That odorous Floweret, pure as day,
Soul of my song, theme of each lay,
Whose gentle influence chafed my breast,
And, on whose charms, thought loved to rest,
Had mystic stores
Of joy and bliss.

And still adorned
My favourite bower. —

Ewald Christian de Kleist.

(Born at Zeblin 1715.

Died at Frankfort on the Oder 1759.)

The wounded Crane.

Autumnal winds the forest-verdure blight,
And spread, o'er wood, and valley, hoar-frost
white.

A flock of Cranes assemble on the shore,
A hospitable region to explore,
Beyond the sea. — One Crane doth sit apart,
Late, wounded by a huntsman's rankling dart.
The melancholy, solitary one,
Immersed in contemplation, is alone,
And joins not that wild, animated song
Of the excited, joyous, feathered throng;
They treat the isolated, wounded Crane,
With cruel irony, and marked disdain.

Internally, the Mourner doth exclaim:
„Neither by crime, nor folly, am I lame;
The welfare of the Cranes' community,
Was, equally, the care of you, and me:
That keen opprobrium I receive from you,
Oh, my companions! — is not justly due.
Mid our long passage — woes, on me await;
Grief damps my courage! — What will be my
fate! —
Long — long before we reach our distant home,
To me will be assigned a watery tomb.
When wounded by the cruel huntsman's dart,
Alas! — would it had pierced this trembling
heart!”

Propitious gales are wafted from the land;
The Cranes, in order, gather on the strand,
Extend their wings, and, as they mount,
on high,
Through air reverberates their shrill, piercing cry.

How oft she rests! — At length, the better land —
The smiling Heaven — the hospitable strand
Bursts on her sight! — A home the Crane
 has found,

And feels, no more, the anguish of her wound;
Providence leads her o'er that boisterous wave
Where many of her railers found a grave!

Thou virtuous! — whom the rigid hand of Fate
Perchance, may tempt thy lot to execrate, —
Be not discouraged! — Bravely persevere,
And, o'er Life's sea tempestuous, dare to steer!
Beyond the tide, thou 'lt find a better land —
A friendly port — a hospitable strand;
There — nameless joys eternal will be thine,
In regions, e'er illumed by light divine.

Frederick Schiller.

The Festival of Victory.

Fallen were the towers of Ilion,
In ashes Priam's palace lay,
The Grecians flushed by victories won,
Beheld, triumphantly, their prey,
As, near the Hellespontine strand,
On their majestic ships reclined,
They mused on Greece — that beauteous land!
While waiting an auspicious wind.

Tune the lyre to joyous measures!
Borne by favouring winds, we glide,
Swiftly, o'er the silvery tide,
Towards fair Greece, and home's best
treasures.

Yet, a pale, Trojan group sat weeping,
Heart-broken were those captives fair,
They beat their breasts, as winds were sweeping
Through their dishevelled, waving hair.
O'er joy's exuberance unbounded,
Arose their agonizing cry,
Their wail for ruined Troy resounded
Amid the songs of Victory.

Fare the well — land, ever cherished!
Forced by Grecian lords, we rove
Far from sacred homes we love;
Enviably they who perished!

Calchas now offers sacrifice
To each protecting Deity,
To Pallas by whom cities rise,
And, at whose word, in dust they lie,
To Neptune who surrounds the land
With waves that roll eternally,
To Jove from whose Olympian hand,
Dread thunderbolts and lightning fly.

Now the deadly strife is ended,
Circling Time has marked the hour;
Crushed is lofty Ilion's power,
In the dust is Troy descended!

Atreus' son, first in command,
Had led a countless multitude,
And with th' enthusiastic band,
Sailed o'er renowned Scamander's flood;
Yet, sorrow clouds the Monarch's brow,
As, with a melancholy eye,
He views, how small a portion, now
Remains of that brave company.

Sing, oh sing, ye joyous-hearted
Who hail Grecia's distant shore!
Many here will greet, no more,
Those loved homes from which they
parted!

"All will not pleasure's votaries be,
When they regain our fatherland,
Within home's sacred boundary,
How often do Assassins stand!
By a friend's treason many die,
When they have braved th' ensanguined
fight."

Thus speaks Ulysses, while his eye
Glow with Minerva's mystic light.
Happy is the man who never,
At his hearth, found treachery!
Guile, in woman's heart doth
lie,
Novelty delights her ever!

Atrides' joyous glances rest
On his young, beauteous, captured bride;
He clasps her to his throbbing breast,
With an elated conqueror's pride.
From actions base, misfortunes rise,
And punishment, to crime succeeds:
Olympians, from avenging skies,
Will recompense the traitor's deeds.
Evil e'er with evil endeth,
The dread ire of mighty Jove,
Will the violator prove,
When his hand the God extendeth.
"Well may the Victor, and the Free,"
Exclaims Oïleus' valiant son,
"Vaunt each omnipotent decree,
Proceeding from th' Olympian throne!
The Gods shower honours, without merit,
Joy and misfortune, Hazard gives,
The tomb Patroclus doth inherit,
And, prosperously, Thersites lives!"

When Fate scattereth her treasures,

She is ever fickle — blind;

If, to-day, her gifts ye find,

Hasten, and enjoy life's pleasures!

“War ever preys upon the best!

Oh brother! at the festal-hour,

Should memory hail thee as a guest,

In war wast thou a refuge-tower.

When flame midst Grecian vessels spread,

Our safety, in thy judgment, lay,

Yet, where is Fortune's favour shed?

Her prize hath Cunning borne away.”

Peaceful be thine eternal rest!

Not by foes didst thou expire,

Ajax died through Ajax' ire,

Fierce passions e'er destroy the best!

Neoptolemus poureth wine

To honour each Divinity:

“Of all the Olympians divine,

Oh Father! most I honour thee.

Glory's resplendent, starry crown
 Is life's most valued — noblest prize,
 A valourous name — deeds of renown
 Live, when, in dust, the champion lies."

Thou wilt be forgotten, never,
 In the minstrel's tuneful lay.

Soon the Living pass away,
 But the Dead exist for ever!

"Since no strains, from the voice of song,

For the illustrious Vanquished flow,
 I honour," cries brave Tydeus' son,

"A conquered, yet, a noble Foe: —
 Hector, the Trojan of renown,

Died for his Gods and liberty,
 And merits Glory's radiant crown,

Immortal — Hector's fame will be!"

Celebrate his praise who, dying,

In his country's cause was slain,

And, from foes, doth reverence
 gain;

Honor him, in death, now lying;

The jovial Nestor who hath seen
Three ages of the human race,
Brings Hecuba, the weeping Queen,
The sparkling bowl that laurels grace.

“Oh, quaff the bright, luxuriant wine!
Forget, misfortune’s poignant smart!
Balsam is Bacchus’ gift divine,
Yes! — even to a broken heart!”

Quaff! — This wine so brightly-
glowing,

Lulls each pang of sorrow’s dart;
Balsam for a broken heart
Is the vase, with wine o’erflowing!

“When Niobè whom wrath divine
Had plunged in dire calamity,
Tasted th’ exhilarating wine,
From grief maternal was she free.

Yes! — if the vivifying draught
But touch the lip of trembling woe,
Will not, Misfortune’s poisoned shaft,
Deep, ’neath the waves of Lethè flow?”

The voice When the juice, thou broken-hearted,
And To thy quivering lip is pressed,
Bestow Care is vanished from thy breast,
And, on Lethè's wave, departed." —

He raves and sees the light, but never sees the light of day
(Born 21 Dec. 1742, at Marburg, in the Kingdom
of Hanover, died 1 Sept. 1818, at Hanover.)
A priestess whom the Gods endued
With the prophetic, mystic lore,
First, from the regal vessel, viewed
Smoke, circling rise from Grecia's shore. —
Like vapours that from earth arise,
Or clouds that mid blue ether move,
Are all terrestrial dignities;
The Changeless is above! —

O'er the rider hovers sorrow,
Ships may founder near the bay;
Seize life's fleeting joy, to-day,
We may be no more, to-morrow!

From halls he wanders far,
And, for a shepherd's flowery wreath,
Resigns his golden star.

Lewis Henry Christian Hölty.

(Born 21. Dec. 1748, at Mariensee, in the kingdom
of Hanover. — Died 1. Sept. 1776, at Hanover.)

Adelstan and Rosa.

A B a l l a d.

When May's gay, rosy month began,
And all was fair and bright,
From kingly halls roved Adelstan,
A youthful, high-born Knight.
From courts where fashion's circle breathe —
From balls he wanders far,
And, for a shepherd's flowery wreath,
Resigns his golden star.

The vale, with verdant carpet spread,
And clover-spangled field,
Bestow a more luxuriant bed,
Than regal mansions yield.
He roves mid scenes that, day by day,
Still more his soul entrance,
And mingles with that circle gay,
Where shepherdesses dance.

He views, within a calm retreat,
The hamlet's loveliest Flower:
How ferently his heart doth beat,
Subdued by beauty's power!
Why marvel? — Love inflames each breast;
Fair Rosa is eighteen;
Of art is Adelstan possessed,
And captivating mien.

By tears, and many an artful wile,
The beauteous village Maid,
A stranger to deceit and guile,
Is, by the Knight, betrayed. —
The zephyrs of the grove, no more,
He panteth to inhale; —
He sits not in the hawthorn-bower,
With Rosa of the vale.

Tired of wood, hamlet, waterfall,
He mounts his gallant steed;
Towards joys within his marble hall,
He hastes, with breathless speed.
From ball to concert doth he stray,
Heedless he lately roved,
Listening to Philomela's lay,
With Rosa, the beloved. —

And, for a shepherd's flowery wreath,
Resigns his golden star.

Rosa, from 'neath a hazel-bough,
 Sees man and horse depart;
 Her cheek turns pale as wintery snow,
 How palpitates her heart!
 "Thus Adelstan, abandon me!"—
 He views, but hears her not;
 His hat he waves, and rapidly
 Departeth from the spot.—

The Mourner, on her crook reclined,
 Grasps her neck-ribbon bright;
 She gazes wildly:—swift as wind
 Is vanished the gay Knight.
 In keen despair, her feverish brow
 Is, on the verdure, pressed,
 And tears of bitter anguish flow
 O'er Rosa's gentle breast.

No dance — no song delights her more, —
No rosy east — calm west;
The village seems, with gloom, veiled o'er,
Each bower a viper's nest.
A melancholy cricket flies,
And chirps before her door;
The night-owl screams. — Fair Rosa dies,
The hamlet's loveliest Flower! —

The death-bell tolls with heavy tone,
The coffin, now, they bring,
A sacristan moves slowly on,
And mournfully doth sing.
The pastor prayeth for the dead,
Flown from this vale of woe,
A sermon, by the priest, is read,
While many a tear doth flow.

A cross, with golden chaplet, crowned,
Is placed on Rosa's grave,
Mists, from the verdant hills, around,
With tears her pillow lave.
Mysterious, melancholy night
Glides where affection weeps,
Yet, Luna's sympathising light
Glow's where fair Rosa sleeps. —

On couch, with silken curtains bright,
Where gold profusely gleams,
On downy pillow sleeps the Knight,
Oppressed by feverish dreams.
He starts, with fear's expression loud,
A lurid glare is spread; —
Enveloped in funereal shroud,
A Maid glides near his bed.

Rosa! — poor child! — that guileless one,
 Blighted by falsehood's breath;
The roses, from her cheek, are gone,
 Plucked by the hand of Death.
She touches him, with finger cold,
 As, towards the Knight's wild gaze,
Her vest sepulchral doth she hold,
 And winding-sheet displays. —

As faithless Adelstan doth lie,
 Convulsed by nameless fears,
She gazes thrice, with hollow eye,
 Then, weeping, disappears:
Yet, e'er when midnight-hour doth come,
 There, by the moon's pale ray,
She waves her garment of the tomb,
 And vanishes away! —

The Knight, by torturing thought oppressed,
In secret, hides his woe,
Pale melancholy is his guest,
He seems a spectre now.
With dagger armed, he wildly flies,
With palpitating breath,
To that lone tomb where Rosa lies,
On the chill arm of Death;

He staggers — falls. — Pierced is his heart,
On Rosa's mansion lone;
A demon cries: — "Depart! — Depart!"
Adelstan's soul is flown.
To that false heart, th' avenging steel,
A fatal wound has given!
His eyes that torturing fear reveal,
Are wildly fixed towards Heaven. —

His relics, in the church-yard lie,
The peasant wandering lone,
Signeth the cross and hastily,
Departeth, shuddering, on! —
Till midnight, when the cock doth crow, —
With dagger in his breast,
Roves Adelstan, the prey of woe,
As many can attest.

John Lewis Uhland.

(Born 1787, at Tübingen, in Wurtemberg.

Residence, Stuttgart.)

The young King and the Shepherdess.

A B a l l a d.

C A N T O I.

Mid blooming valleys gay,
On the flower-bespangled plain,
'Neath golden skies of May,
To what theme devote my strain?

Bright clouds serenely glide,
Rippling flows the water blue,
And gallant courtiers ride
O'er the meadows, gemmed with dew.

Light, vernal branches move,
Fanning spring's opening flowers,
And shepherdesses rove
Mid the perfumed, rural bowers.

With courtiers at his side,
And, with silken mantle on,
Young Goldamar doth ride,
And he wears a golden crown.

The graceful King, with speed,
Alights on the verdant ground,
His prancing, fiery steed,
To a linden-tree is bound.

In cool, refreshing bowers,
From clustering spray to spray,
Mid odoriferous flowers,
Sings many a warbler gay.

Why bloom the flowerets? — Why
Do the warblers sweetly sing? —
A shephedress doth lie
By yon cool, refreshing spring.

Goldamar, moving near,
Through the hedge doth sofly glide.
The timid lambs, in fear,
Flock to the shepherdess' side. —

“Welcome! — welcome to thee,
Oh, thou young and beauteous maid!
Afflicted shall I be,
If thou, also, art afraid!” —

“That I feel not afraid,
Do I pledge my sacred word;
Methought, amid the shade,
Fluttered a joyous bird.” —

“Fair maid! — if thou wouldst give
A refreshing draught to me,
That water would I receive,
As the choicest gift from thee.” —

“Of water, from my flask,
That from yonder well I bring,
All may partake who ask,
Yes — e’en the mightiest King!” —

For water, from the brook,
Doth the beauteous maiden haste, —
How tender is his look,
As she holds the flagon fast!

He saith, by love o’ercome:
“Peerlessly fair art thou,
As vernal flowers that bloom,
And, in fragrance, round thee grow!”

“Such fascination flows
O’er each look, and word of thine,
That all would thee suppose,
Sprung from a regal line.” —

“My father thee can tell,
If, a monarch he were born;
My mother knows, full well,
If a crown her brow adorn.” —

Around her form, so fair,
Is Goldamar’s mantle placed,
And, the Maiden’s nut-brown hair
Is with regal chaplet graced!

She crieth proudly: “Now,
Ye trees, and ye flowerets, all,
Ye sheep, and lambkins bow,
And, humbly before me fall!”

That vest and golden crown,
She returns with playful look,
By Goldamar are thrown
In the murmuring, silvery brook.

„This crown, a true love's token,
Will I demand again,
When many a lance I've broken,
On a distant battle-plain.”

“Full sixteen years, or more,
Has a King been captive lying,
And, on his native shore,
Is a foeman's banner flying.”

“I 'll restore my King's domains,
By the aid of my gallant knights,
I 'll break the captive's chains,
He shall, yet, feel spring's delights!”

“I haste to the battle-plain;
When achieved the victory,
From yonder source, again,
Cool draughts may I ask of thee?” —

“Long as the brook shall flow,
Thee, water refreshing I’ll give,
And, brilliant as now,
Thou again thy crown shalt receive.” —

My first song all have heard,
And the last I soon shall sing;
From the arbour flies a bird,
Whither doth glide his wing?

Young Goldsmith, who said this
The victor's triumphal song
And in the midst of the
Where the victor's triumphal song

CANTO II.

I 'll sing, in my final lay,
Of trumpet, sword, and spear,
Though, beneath blue skies of May,
The lark's sweet song I hear.

To thee I 'll relate, and sing,
Of warfare — slaughter — death,
Though I see flowers — trees — that spring
Chafes with her fostering breath.

Young Goldamar, — who saith nay? —
The victor's chaplet gains,
And is first, in that circle gay,
Where peerless Beauty reigns.

The castle is bravely won,
His pennon floatheth there,
And, from dreary dungeon lone,
His Monarch doth he bear! —

“Oh, sun, enthroned in glory!
Thou mountain, tinged with gold!
Ye are youthful still, while hoary,
Am I become, and old!” —

To festivity and ball,
The victors now repair,
Yet, who enumerate all
The guests assembled there!

If, to sit amid that throng,
The honour had been mine,
Could aught have engaged me long,
Where flowed such luscious wine?

“A tournament will I give,”
The King to Goldamar cries;
“What guerdon shall receive
The Champion, as a prize?”

“Oh high-born King!” he replies,
“Not spur — not helmet bright,
But grant that the victor’s prize,
Be a Crook and Lambkin white!”

A prize that. in days of old,
Strove shepherds to obtain,
Now, a crowd of heroes bold,
With sword and lance would gain.

Goldamar, the Renowned,
Is victorious o’er each knight,
And wins, by the trumpet’s sound,
A Crook, and a Lambkin white. —

“I would, oh, thou gallant knight,”
The aged Monarch cries,
“That at tournament, thou fight
For a far more costly prize.”

“Not of trifling worth or mean
Is the prize that may be won;
By the hand of Beauty’s Queen,
I propose my golden Crown.” —

As the trumpets gaily sound,
What ardour fires each breast!
Yet, is Goldamar victor found,
Though each performs his best.

While many a gallant knight,
And lady fair stand nigh,
Doth the courteous King invite
The Flower of Chivalry.

Brave Goldamar forth doth ride,
With shepherd's crook in hand,—
With a lambkin at his side,
Led by a rosy band.

Saith the Monarch: "All will own,
Thy prize is far from mean;
I award thee my golden crown,
From the hand of Beauty's Queen!"

He removes, with emotion gay,
The veil that her charms doth hide,
But Goldamar's glance doth stray,
His eye is turned aside.

"By no diadem's sparkling glare,
By no queen shall I be won;
A shepherdess, young and fair,
Reigns o'er this heart alone!"

“On one that far hence doth dwell,
Will I Crook, and Lamb bestow;
God preserve thee! — Fare thee well!
To the vale I hasten now!” —

Hark! — what harmonious strain
Salutes his ravished ear,
Like birds, on the flowery plain,
Warbling near brooklets clear!

As, when at the creation's earliest day,
Her veil mysterious, Nature first aside;
His eye doth Goldamar raise,
Before him, — who doth stand?
His Shepherdess meets his gaze,
With golden Crown, in hand! —

Celestial Phoebus with his coursers bright,
Pursues his glorious way, and realms
“To the palace of my father,
A welcome thee I give!
Or, acknowledge — wouldst thou rather,
In yonder valley live?”

“I confer this crown on thee,
Once, placed within my hands!
I repay, with usury,
The Sovereign of two lands!” —

With what mutual joy is plighted
Love’s faithful, sacred vow!
And the lovers are united;
What further would ye know?

G. Müller.

M o r n i n g.

As, when at the creation's earliest day,
Her veil mysterious, Nature cast aside;
I hear melodious warblers on each spray,
And roseate clouds, through eastern regions
glide.

Celestial Phoebus with his coursers bright,
Pursues a glorious course, mid realms
on high,
And, in the west, dark spirits of the night,
Enveloped in grey, misty vesture fly.

In this fair world, where countless beauties
glow,

Adorned, as Paradise, with charms divine,
The best terrestrial gift doth Heaven bestow, —
That being, most beloved, on earth, is mine!

Farewell.

We met in bright, luxuriant May;
How often, hand in hand, we strayed,
With hearts united — spirits gay,
O'er sunny hill, and sheltered glade.

With many a variegated flower,
What beauteous garlands have we wreathed,
As, over field, and verdant bower,
The lark his earliest music breathed!

Pale, mist-crowned Autumn now is come,
Chill rain and wind drift near my door;
I'm summoned, far from thee to roam,
Perchance we part — to meet, no more!

J. W. Goethe.

L A M E N T
of
Hassan Aga's noble Wife.

In yon green wood, what shines so purely white?
Are swans reposing, or doth snow there lie?—
Should it be swans, they soon will take their flight,
If snow, 't will melt beneath the sunny sky.
No swan — no snow-flake rests upon the ground,
The tents of Hassan-Aga sparkle 'neath the sun!
There Hassan lies, disabled by a wound,
Received amid a victory, bravely won:
His mother, and his sister 'tend him there,
Yet, Hassan's Wife bestows no soothing care.

No longer that he now despairs of life,
He sends this message to his faithful Wife:
“Henceforward, I demand no aid of thine,
“Live thou, a stranger, both to me, and mine!” —

The letter, when that Wife doth contemplate,
Aghast she stands, o’erpowered, with despair;
She hears a courser tramping at the gate,
And thinks that Hassan is awaiting there:
She rushes forth, in Hassan’s arms to fly,
Two beauteous daughters follow, bathed
in tears:
“Mother! it is not Hassan,” do they cry,
“Thy brother, Pintorowich now appears!”

The Wife of Hassan Aga quits the tower,
Her brother she embraces, o’er and o’er: —
“The Mother of five babes — Sister of thine,
“Thus to repudiate — what a fate is mine!”

He nought replies, but, from beneath his vest,
Withdraws the legal Separation-deed,
In silk enclosed, to Hassan's Wife addressed,
Instructing her, thence to depart, with speed,
Unto her mother's house — with liberty
To form another matrimonial tie.

When on that writing, her wild glances rest,
The Mother kisses her sons' youthful brow,
A kiss, on each fair daughter's cheek is pressed,
And, towards the cradle moves that Parent
now,

What torture feeleth her maternal heart;
How, from the slumbering infant, can she part?

Th' impetuous brother forceth her to part;
His sister mounteth on his fiery steed,
And, towards their father's palace, swift they dart.
How does the Mother's heart, with anguish, bleed!

Ah! seven days are barely passed in woe,
When Hassan's Widow, by grief, bowed to
earth,
Is pressed again to pledge the nuptial vow,
By many a suitor, of illustrious birth.

The noble Cadi of Imoski, fain
The beauteous Mourner's suffrage would
obtain:
She thus entreats her brother: "Woe to me!
Spare — spare a Mother, for her children's sake;
Banished may future nuptial contracts be:
My children if I see — this heart will break!"

Inexorable doth her brother prove,
Her eloquence is vain — in vain each prayer,
And she exclaims: "If nought thy soul can move,
This letter, to Imoski's Cadi bear:"

“The Widow courteously saluting thee,
Entreats that thou, a favour wouldst bestow;
Let they Suatès bear a drapery,
Whose clustering folds may amply round her flow,
That, when near Hassan’s home, a Mother’s eye
May not behold her orphan family.” —

When, o’er the note, the Cadi’s eye doth glide,
He summonses the brave Suatès near,
Commissions them to guard his lovely Bride,
And, from the bridegroom, a rich veil they bear.

Now moves the cavalcade, noble and gay,
And forth conduct the Bride, triumphantly.
When Hassan Aga’s house do they survey,
The mournful Princess hears her children cry:
“Haste to thy palace! Haste! the board is spread,
Come! with thy children, eat the evening bread!”

These accents vibrate in her heart's deep core,
And, to the prince she saith, with touching air:
"To my loved children, fain, would I, once more,
A small memento of affection bear;
Deny me not a boon! at yonder gate,
Awhile, oh, grant that thy Suatès wait."

Before the palace wait the cavalcade,
And presents, to her little ones, are made;
Embroidered sandals do her sons receive,
Her daughters, vesture of luxuriant dye,
And, to th' unconscious infant, doth she give
A robe — memento for futurity. —

This scene views Hassan, as he stands alone,
And he exclaims, with melancholy tone:
"Hither, beloved children! Haste to me;
Your Mother's heart, henceforward, is as steel,
Her breast maternal chill, towards you, will be;
No more, a mother's love, for you, will feel!"

When this she hears, how pants that feeling
heart!

How blanched her cheek! How palpitates her
breath!

But, when she views her little ones depart,
The Mother sinks into the arms of death.

The Wood-rose.

Exhaling vernal fragrance grows,
Within a wood, an opening Rose,
Fair as Aurora's matin skies;
A Child perceives the Floweret fair,
And, running, with delighted air,
He saith, with accent of surprise:
"Oh, rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud sweet,
Bright rose-bud of the wood!"

The Child exclaims, in joyous mood:
"I 'll pluck thee, Rose-bud of the wood!"
The Flower, indignantly replies:
"Presumptuous little one, beware!
For an avenging thorn I bear,
To vindicate mine injuries."
Oh, rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud sweet,
Bright rose-bud of the wood!

The volatile, unthinking Child
Gathers the beauteous Rose-bud wild,
But soon he feels a poignant smart;
He utters many a piercing cry,
And suffers, long, the agony
Inflicted by thy tiny dart,
Oh, rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud sweet,
Bright rose-bud of the wood!

Voluptuousness of Grief.

Ye tears of everlasting love.

Exhausted may you never prove!

How barren must the world appear

To eyes, unused to shed a tear!

Tears of unhappy, tender love,

Exhausted may you never prove!

J. L. Whland.

The rosy Garland.

In the luxuriant meadow bright,
 Bedecked with choicest gifts of May,
 Strive many an illustrious knight
 To gain the rosy chaplet gay.
 Flowers odoriferous, on the plain,
 Do they neglect to gather there,
 May's fragrant prize would each obtain,
 As gallant knight, from lady fair.

Within the foliage of a bower,
In tranquil beauty, sitteth one
Who seemeth an expanding flower,
Opening her petals to the sun.
Bright, full-blown roses there entwine,
In fragrant garlands, o'er her head,
Where she reposes doth the vine,
Her luscious, purple cluster spread.

Equipped in armour, doth advance,
On feeble, tottering steed, a knight;
How listlessly he bears the lance!
Deep slumber overpowers his sight.
O'er pallid cheeks his beard doth flow,
How feebly is the bridle pressed!
Lo! suddenly he starteth now,
As one aroused from troubled rest.

"My salutations oh, receive,
 Thou beauteous maid! — ye champions bold!
 If I might dare, what bliss t' would give,
 Gay youth's enjoyments to behold!
 A gallant knight would I demand,
 To break a sword, or lance, with me,
 But ah! — how trembles now my hand,
 And how enfeebled is my knee!"

The rosy Garland.

"Mid pastimes such as those I see,
 I am grown grey — to age I yield;
 My coat of mail encircles me,
 Firm as a dragon's scaly shield.
 By land, strife, hardship, gory wound,
 By sea, o'erwhelming storm, and wind,
 Repose, one year, alone, I found,
 When, in a dungeon drear, confined."

May's fragrant press would each obtain,
 As gallant knight, from lady fair.

“I know not, love’s endearing sound,
The rapturous day — the night’s calm rest;
Thou — thou my hand, by toil embrowned,
Fair woman’s hand hast never pressed!
In youth’s gay season, from this vale,
Was yonder Flower of Beauty far,
To-day, her presence do I hail,
As a bright, new-created star!”

“If youth, again, to me, were given,
I would attune the golden string,
Bask ’neath joy’s pinion of Heaven,
And love’s gay sonnets would I sing.
At the bright festival of May,
Upon the flower-enamelled plain,
What energy would I display
May’s rosy Garland to obtain!”

“Too soon was life bestowed on me!
Now, now begins the golden time,
Vanished is baneful jealousy,
Fair Spring is ever in her prime.
With rosy Garland, will she bloom,
The Queen of Beauty, loved by all,
While, o’er me closes Death’s cold tomb;”
Hark! — now I hear the grave-stone fall!” —

All stand transfixed, as suddenly,
His mournful accents cease to flow.
How blanched his cheek! — Closed is his eye,
See! — on his steed he trembles now! —
A throng of gallant knights flock round,
And lay him on a flowery bed,
Alas! — no balsam heals his wound,
No gentle voice awakes the dead.

The Maiden, from her flower-crown'd height,
 With rosy Chaplet, gildeth now;
 She kneels beside the aged Knight,
 And twines that Garland o'er his brow:
 "Give honor to May's noble King!
 Who is so valiant as thou!
 Yet, flowery coronets of spring,
 Upon the dead, no joy bestow."

A Ballad.

The Countess, having afterwards been convinced that her
 ascriptions had been gratuitous, was angry with the most
 poignant remorse, he was then informed that his innocent
 wife still lived, and he ardently sought reconciliation, and
 forgiveness. The latter was granted, but the Countess
 in a neighboring forest, as a female hermit.
 by compassion, spared her life, and she resided some time,
 were commissioned to perform this cruel order, moved
 to be thrown from the summit of a lofty rock. I have who
 of his vessels, and released by Henry's command, for
 less his wife entertained a secret affection for him.
 (Henry, Count of Toggenburg, suspected that the Count-

Frederick Schiller.

The Knight of Toggenburg.

A B a l l a d.

(Henry, Count of Toggenburg, suspected that the Countess Ida, his wife entertained a secret affection for one of his vassals, and actuated by jealousy, commanded her to be thrown from the summit of a lofty rock. Those who were commissioned to perform this cruel order, moved by compassion, spared her life, and she resided some time, in a neighbouring forest, as a female hermit.

The Count having afterwards been convinced that his suspicions had been groundless, was stung with the most poignant remorse, he was then informed that his innocent Wife still lived, and he ardently sought reconciliation, and forgiveness. The latter was granted, but the Countess

formed the resolution to take the veil. In the convent to which she retired, she was remarkable for her piety, and many virtues, and, after her death, was acknowledged as a saint.

Schiller commences this ballad with the Countess Ida's reply to her repentant husband.)

“Sir Knight! for thee a sister's love,
Within this breast shall glow,
Demand no other, lest it prove
A source of future woe;
I see thee enter tranquilly,
And tranquilly depart,
In silence wherefore weep? — and why
Thus palpitates thy heart?” —

Farewell unto his spirit's rest,

How doth his heart now bleed!

He clasps the Countess to his breast,

Mounts on his Arab steed,

From Switzerland, without delay,

With a courageous band,

On a crusade he hastes away,

Unto the Holy Land.

The Knight of Toggenburg.

Where'er the deadliest strife appears,

Is seen the Hero brave,

And 'midst the Turkish glistening spears,

His banner proud doth wave.

Toggenburg's name inspires dismay

Amid the Prophet's race,

But victory's wreath, and glory's ray

Have failed his grief to chase.

One lingering year his tortured mind
Endures affliction's scar,
No consolation can he find,
And bids farewell to war;
He views a ship, on Joppa's strand,
Awaiting favouring gales,
His Ida's cherished fatherland,
Count Toggenburg soon hails.

The Pilgrim knocks, 'mid hopes and fears,
At Ida's castle-gate;
As thunderbolts are tones he hears,
Those words have sealed his fate:
"The Lady whom thou seekest, now
Becomes the Bride of Heaven;
She proffered, yesterday, her vow,
All earthly ties are riven!" —

In despair, he quits, for ever,
His ancestral domain,
His Arab steed he seeth never,
Nor his arms, again! —
From Toggenburg, in search of rest,
The Pilgrim roves, unknown,
O'er that proud form, a sackcloth vest,
He, mournfully, has thrown.

Mid linden-boughs' umbrageous shade,
The convent-roof appears,
Within a melancholy glade,
A cottage lone he rears,
And, from the rising of the sun,
Till evening's moon-lit hour,
Count Toggenburg doth sit alone,
Within a rustic bower.

Upon the convent doth he gaze,
 While lingering hours glide by,
 The opening casement he surveys, —
 A Nun doth greet his eye.
 Ah! his Beloved doth he hail: —
 As, with benignant air,
 She contemplates the peaceful vale,
 She seems an angel there.

Then, solaced by the vision bright,
 How tranquilly he sleeps!
 He wakes, greets morning's cheering light,
 And silent vigil keeps.
 Year after year doth pass away,
 And solace hath he found,
 When, at the casement, day by day,
 He hears th' accustomed sound,

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And his Beloved doth he hail,
With gently-soothing air;
She seems, while musing on the vale,
A guardian angel fair. —
One morn, still gazing steadfastly,
The Count resigns his breath,
Yet, on the window, rests his eye,
When in the arms of death!

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J. L. Whland.

The Pilgrim.

Upon Galicia's rocky shore,
Is a Sanctuary renowned,
There doth God's holy Mother pour
A balm for every mortal wound.
The desert's wanderer forlorn,
Beholds a golden star arise, —
For pilots, o'er wild ocean, borne,
Lo! there a friendly harbour lies.

When chime the solemn evening bells,
The tone, melodious and clear,
Through city, and through cloister swells,
Reverberating far and near.
Then calmed is the tumultuous sea,
Whose late wild waves, in ripples flow,
And at the rudder, on his knee,
The pilot saith his Avè now.

That day on which the Holy One
Ascended towards his realm, on high,
When Mary, in her earthly Son,
Acknowledged a Divinity, —
That day to honor, she reveals,
Within her beauteous sanctuary,
Such wonders, that each mortal feels
Her presence, as in times, gone by.

In valley and umbrageous wood,
Lo! the crusaders' pennons fly,
From flower-crowned vessels, on the flood,
Is echoing joy's festive cry.
O'er mountain-paths, from far and near,
The pilgrims haste, in vesture gay,
A ladder towards the Heavens appear
The crowds who mount that rugged way.

Yet, other pilgrims follow there,
Bare-footed, and with dust o'erspread,
Coarse, sackcloth garments do they wear,
And sprinkle ashes on their head;
These, with the pious christians dare
To hold communion, no more,
The church they enter not, each prayer
They utter at the sacred door.

One, with expression of despair,
Is wandering, slowly on the way,
Dishevelled is his waving hair,
The pilgrim's beard is long and grey,
An iron band, with rust o'erspread,
Encircleth his trembling form,
With difficulty doth he tread,
For chains surround each foot, and arm.

A sword, raised by a brother's hand,
Once, caused a brother's blood to flow,
Yet, melted, it became that band,
Which, o'er the wanderer, twineth now.
No rest — no solace will he feel,
Till, by a miracle of Heaven,
The fatal ring — th' encircling steel,
From the lone pilgrim's form, is riven.

As, on his pilgrimage, he goes,
 Coarse, iron sandals doth he wear,
 Yet, from benignant Heaven flows
 No balm to soothe his keen despair.
 From realm to region doth he stray:
 In sanctuaries that he hath found,
 To countless statues doth he pray,
 — Yet, none can heal his rankling wound.

The chapel, on the mountain-brow,
 He gains, and, at the portal kneels;
 The vesper-bells are chiming now,
 And, o'er the throng, deep silence steals.
 He dares not o'er the threshold tread;
 The crowd the Virgin, there, survey;
 The setting sun, around her head,
 Diffuseth a celestial ray.

A galaxy of golden light
Spreads o'er earth — ocean — ether blue!
Heaven's golden portal is in sight;
Do we immortal Beings view?
From yonder cloud, of roseate dye,
Is not her star-gemmed foot-path seen?
From yonder azure canopy,
Doth she not smile, with placid mien? —

The pilgrims hasten to their homes,
Consoled; — yet, one, with broken heart,
Still, near the sacred portal roams,
And thence refuseth to depart. —
With Death's firm grasp, the heavy chains
Encircle chill Mortality,
Yet, the enfranchised spirit reigns
In Light's unfathomable sea!

The Ring.

One morn, to a valley green,
Doth a gallant Knight repair:
He muses, with anxious mien,
On his absent Lady fair.

“Gold Ring! so precious, and bright,
Bestowed by my Lady-love,
Oh say! to her loyal knight,
Doth her heart, still faithful prove?”

As he views the golden Ring,
With a contemplative soul,
From his finger doth it spring,
And along the meadow roll.

The Ring he hastes to regain,
Alas! it is lost to view,
Mid tangled grass on the plain,
And mid field-flowers, gemmed with dew.

From the bough of a linden-tree,
Doth a hawk, with piercing eyes,
Descend with rapidity,
And, in triumph, gains the prize.

As, with pinion swift, mid air,
Doth the joyous hawk ascend,
Behold! his brethern there,
For the golden Ring contend.

None hath won the Ring, though all,
Would the brilliant gem obtain,
And the Knight beholds it fall
Mid the billows of the main.

To seize the bright Ring of gold,
 How swiftly the fishes glide,
 Amid the waves, when, behold,
 It sinks in th' unfathomed tide! —

“Oh Ring! on the grassy plain,
 Thou enchantest the flowerets fair;
 Oh Ring! dost thou not enchain
 The birds, as they fly through air?”

“The fish that, in ocean dwell,
 Enamoured, swim after thee;
 Ring! — gift of my fair one — tell!
 Is it thus with her love towards me?”

J. W. Goethe.

My favourite Flower.

Song of the captive Count.

Count.

I know a flower, of beauty rare,
 I pant to call the flower mine own;
 I fain would pluck that floweret fair,
 But ah! — I am a captive lone,
 When I enjoyed sweet liberty,
 That flower was ever near to me.
 My destiny, how bitter!

Mine eye, from this drear, rocky tower,
Oft roves, to seek that floweret bright;
Alas! in vain do I explore,
The flower greets not mine anxious sight.
He who that Floweret brings to me,
If chevalier, or page, he be,
Will prove a benefactor.

R o s e.

Beneath thy prison-bars am I,
On thee, can I bestow delight?
For me, the Rose, dost thou not sigh,
Oh, captive, yet, illustrious Knight?
Thou sensitive, unhappy one,
Who doubts, the Queen of Flowers, alone,
O'er thy heart reigns sovereign?

C o u n t.

Sweet, blushing Flower, in vesture green,
The palm of beauty is thine own!
Maidens adore the flowers' bright Queen,
As diamond, gold, or precious stone.
Thy tint adorns the fairest cheek,
Yet, lovely one! the flower I seek
Is not the Rose, so peerless.

L i l y.

Proud and ambitious is the Rose,
And e'er aspiring after fame;
Whoe'er with gentle feeling glows,
The Lily's friendship e'er will claim.
All those whose hearts beat faithfully, —
They who are pure of mind, as I,
Will estimate my value.

C o u n t.

Deeds ignominious I disown,
From all dishonour am I free,
Yet, here, am I a prisoner lone,
And pining in captivity!
Though thou art a similitude
Of countless maidens, fair and good,
I know a Flower, more lovely.

P i n k.

Perchance that I may be that Flower,
And, in thy jailor's garden grow,
Or, why, at morn, and evening hour,
On me, should he such care bestow?
Exhaling balmy sweets, behold,
Luxuriantly, my leaves unfold,
In countless brilliant colours!

Count.

The fragrant Pink bestows delight,
The Pink the gardener's love has won,
Now foliage veils her from the sight,
And now he plants her 'neath the sun;
Yet, ah, the Flower that, to my heart,
Doth such felicity impart,
Is modest and retiring.

Violet.

Although mine accents rarely sound,
And, in seclusion, though I live,
My silence, lengthened and profound,
I'll break, if solace thee it give.
Brave Knight! — am I thy favourite Flower?
Oh, would that, to thy prison-tower,
My fragrance could be wafted!

C o u n t.

Bright, modest Flower! I honour thee,
What grateful sweets dost thou impart!
Yet, gentle Violet, sympathy
Heals not the Count's afflicted heart.
Far from this rocky prison drear,
Doth bloom the Flower that I revere,
By memory dearly cherished.

C A N T O L

By yonder streamlet, silently,
Doth rove my youthful Wife, alone,
There, daily will she weep, and sigh
Till sacred liberty I 've won.
When, a blue Flower, from that lone spot,
She culls, and saith: "Forget me not!"
Her accents vibrate hither.

At distance, Love's magnetic power,
O'er faithful hearts, holds mystic sway,
This dreary cell, at midnight hour,
Is cheered by Love's celestial ray
When writhes my soul o'er Fate's stern lot,
These thrilling words: "Forget me not!"
Bear solace vivifying!

H. Heine.

Count Olaf.

CANTO I.

By yonder grey cathedral gate,
Two men, in scarlet vests appear,
The King doth, at the porch await,
His executioner stands near.

The King saith: "The priest's hymns reveal
That plighted is the nuptial vow,
Be ready, with thy trusty steel,
To strike a firm, unerring blow!" —

The bells now peal, in measures gay,
The throng, from the cathedral glide,
And, decked in nuptial array,
Depart the Bridegroom and the Bride.

Dejected — pale as wintery snow,
Behold the Monarch's Daughter fair;
Triumph is stamped on Olaf's brow,
Joy's rosy flush is mantling there.

He saith unto the King severe,
While joyous smiles his lip o'erspread:
"Good morning, royal Father dear;
Olaf, to thee, resigns his head!"

"One boon to me accord, I pray!
Till midnight, grant that I may live,
To celebrate my bridal-day;
A nuptial banquet would I give."

“Oh, let me live, I thee implore,
 Till the last hour of solemn night,
 Till the last festive dance is o’er,
 And emptied is each goblet bright!” —

Saith the stern King: “My kinsman’s prayer,
 I grant, till midnight, willingly,
 Then, vassal! hitherward repair,
 And sharpened let thy weapon be!” —

CANTO II.

Luscious wine, at the banquet, doth Olaf sip,
 While the last sparkling vase he bears to his lip,
 With stifled tone, and tremblingly,
 His young and beauteous Wife doth cry:
 “The executioner stands at thdoe or!” —

How wildly the Count, till the midnight hour,
Leads his Bride through the dance, on the marble
floor!

The tapers brilliantly glow,
In the last maze they circle now, —
The executioner stands at the door!

Violins diffuse joy's voluptuous sound,
And flutes emit sighs, plaintive, tender, profound!

All who that youthful Pair survey,
To keen affliction are a prey, —
The executioner stands at the door!

Through the festive hall, as the dancers still
glide,

Thus whispers the Count to his pale, young
Bride:

“Thou knowest not my love to thee —
Sombre and cold my tomb will be!” —
The executioner stands at the door!

CANTO III.

“Count Olaf, it is midnight now,
Thy life must thou resign!
To thee a King's child pledged her vow,
A Princess has been thine!” —

Monks utter the funeral prayers,
The man, in scarlet frock,
Equipped with axe of death, appears,
Beside the sombre block.

Count Olaf moves, with brow serene,
Mid guards, with glistening swords;
While smiles, on his proud lip, are seen,
He speaks these farewell words:

"I bless the sun, and Luna fair,
And the stars amid Heaven's dome,
I bless the warblers of the air,
That, in realms ethereal roam."

"I bless land, ocean, meadows gay,
And the spring-flowers, gemmed with dew.
I bless the violets, sweet are they
As my young Wife's eye of blue."

"Ye azure eyes! — I blest you now,
Though, by you, I lose my life.
That tree 'neath which we pledged love's vow,
Do I bless, oh, my beauteous Wife!"

J. G. Salis.

Evening.

When evening pale
Greets wood and vale,
Wafting cooling zephyrs round,
When golden rays, o'er Heaven, are spread,
And when the bleating sheep are led
Towards the brook, with rushes crowned;

When timidly,
The hare glides by,
Mid the dewy herbage green,
When stags forsake their lone retreat,
And, fearlessly the roebuck fleet,
On the mountain-path, is seen;

When, with flowers fair,
Bound o'er the hair,
Scythe and rake, on shoulder, hung,
While sweetly sounds the merry strain,
Homeward returns the mower's train,
And the reaper's happy throng;

What dreams of joy
My soul employ,
While I, onward, musing rove!
When earth I view, with charms o'erspread,
Nought, save the heart-felt tears I shed,
Tells the rapture that I prove.

I listen long
To that sweet song,
Blackbirds sing, in shady groves;
I listen to the nightingale,
The alder-trees' thick branches veil,
While the lapwing, chirping roves;

I listen till,
O'er wood, and hill.
Chirps the grasshopper, alone,
While homeward husbandmen repair,
And whistling an evening air,
Whet the scythe upon a stone.

Lo! now doth move
The star of love,
Mid calm evening's rosy sky,
And while the late resplendent dome,
Is gently veiled in misty gloom,
Stars begem Heaven's canopy.

Augustus Ferdinand de Kotzebue.

(Born 1761 at Weimar. Assassinated 1819 at Mannheim.)

Thunder.

A legend.

Thunder! thou fearful mystery,
 Stern tyrants are unnerved by thee,
 And impious atheists refuge take, in prayer;
 The hardened sinner who hath smiled,
 When priests described Hell's terrors wild,
 E'en he, when thunder rolls, is dumb with fear.

The beauty from her toilette flees,
And bends, devoutly, on her knees,
Untasted, sparkling wine doth lie,
From crowded streets the fair ones fly,
The volatile, pale — trembling, rove,
They execrate the joys of love,
And, as they hastily rush on,
They, shuddering, sing a pious song;
E'en brigands stagger, in dismay,
And humble, thus, to Heaven, they pray:
"In mercy Lord, thine ear incline,
Correct me not, in wrath divine!" —
How soon God's voice exciteth fear,
When his dread accents vibrate near,
In thunderbolts that echo round!
Yet, when He speaks in love — who hears the

How fiercely — sound? —

Through valley, wood, and cave profound

Uprooted is the forest-tree, and

Each cloud precipitates its rain

As struck by a convulsive blast —

The earth's foundation trembles now!

A man whose sins press heavily,
Unto confession doth repair,
Bridget is with her husband Guy,
Towards church they walk, through meadows fair;
'T is true, the way was somewhat long,
Yet, zephyry breezes, sunny skies,
Luxuriant flowers, birds' joyous song,
And Nature's countless harmonies,
Delight the pious, loving pair,
And spread a fascination there.

Lo! thunder-clouds are rolling nigh,
While vivid lightning cleaves the sky:
How fiercely doth the whirlwind sound,
Through valley, wood, and cave profound!
Uprooted is the forest-tree,
Each cloud precipitates a sea; —
As struck by a convulsive blow,
The earth's foundation trembles now! —

“Oh God! the judgment-day is come!”

Exclaimeth Guy, with panting breath,
 ,‘The Lord, in wrath, has sealed our doom,
 Thunder and lightning fierce bring death!
 Where solace find, in this drear spot?

How, pardon, for mine errors gain?
 He who his sins confesseth not,
 Forgiveness — never will obtain.

Let us, reciprocally, all
 Our errors and our sins impart!

Although the past can none recall,

Confession may relieve our heart:
 Far better to confess, than, when we die,
 Oh, Bridget! burn, in Hell, eternally!” —

Bridget replies, and wields a tear:

“Well! I confess, my husband dear,
 I, countless times, have wished thee dead,
 Alas! — that Gregory I might wed!” —

“May Heaven,” exclaims the sinner, Guy,
“Forgive mine infidelity!
Long — long hath Charlotte won my love; —
Ah! — yonder execrable grove!” —

Each thunder-cloud is rolled away,
And Phoebus’ glory re-appears,
Larks dry their pinion ’neath the spray,
And warble mid ethereal spheres,
The dove has found her mate again;
What aromatic sweets, around,
Are shed by zephyrs, o’er each plain,
While songs, from joyous birds, resound,
On that luxuriant, smiling land,
Where, late, seemed hurled destruction’s brand!—

Bridget is vexed at what she said,
And Guy, perplexed, doth scratch his head: —
“I am the greatest fool, in life,
To make confessor of my wife!”

Yet Bridget, far from showing grief,
At his confession, feels relief,
And saith, while a deep crimson glow
O'erspreads her cheek: "Believest thou
What I have just confessed, my dear?
Be not a fool! How strange is fear!
What I, of Gregory revealed,
I fancied, when the Thunder pealed."

Guy answers: "Overwhelming fear
Created what I said, my dear;
By terror was my soul beguiled,
On Charlotte, — never have I smiled."

"Be silent! — Oh, what perfidy!

Be silent, thou unfaithful one!

Th' appointment Charlotte had with thee,

Thou think'st is, to thy wife, unknown!"

"Charlotte an interview with me! —

Thine assignation meanest thou,

Oh, Bridget! with thy Gregory!" —

"Guy! — if Confessor's office now!" —

"Thou hold Confessor's office!" — "Yes!" —

Go home, good people! Terminate the war!

Another tempest threatens, from afar!

Think of your mutual duty! — Live in love,

Or peace-maker, again, will Thunder prove!

Francis Dingelstedt.

(Born 1814 at Halsdorf, in the Electorate of Hesse.

Residence, Munich, in Bavaria.)

A popular ancient

Hessian Legend.

In Scharfenstein, at midnight hour,
Are mystic tones revealed,
Like tramp of horses: hark! within
Clash javelin, sword, and shield.
What clang of arms! Who, thus the doors
Assail tumultuously? —
The mountain rises circling round,
Dark caverns open fly!

From every yawning cavity
Forth rush an armed band,
Who 'neath the moon's unclouded beam,
In martial order stand.
The tuba sounds, the helmet gleams,
The banner floats through air,
The pale, cadaverous company,
A Chief commandeth there.

They press along the silent vale,
Bright sparks ascend on high,
They gallop forth, as on the wind's
Swift pinion they fly.
"Our Fatherland! — The Tiberstrand!
Now strikes the destined hour!
If we are unsuccessful now,
We 'll venture never more!"

The Scharfenstein the legend knows,
In Roman days, gone by,
For, at its rugged base, was won
A glorious victory.
The purple earth there drank the blood
Of countless warriors slain;
The Roman Eagle, glory-crowned,
In German dust hath lain!

Barbarians here, barbarians there,
As mushrooms, strew the ground,
Steep rocks — stern foes, on every side,
The Roman troops surround.
What execution dealt each blow!
In piles the vanquished lay,
As corn beneath the reaper's scythe,
On harvest's sultry day! —

In tribulation, and despair,
Alighting from his steed,
The haughty Emperor kneels on earth,
And humbly thus doth plead:
"Thou God! protect us from disgrace,
By thine Olympian hand:
Oh Mountain! mayst thou prove our tomb,
In the barbarian's land!"

Reverberating thunder peals,
Jove's vivid lightning flies,
The Mount is rent, with fearful sound,
Each cavern open lies.
Both friend and foeman are engulfed,
Within the sombre rock;
The chasms dark of Scharfenstein
Now close, with fearful shock! —

At midnight's solitary hour,
A mystic sound breaks forth;
The Romans, from their opening tombs,
Must wander from the north:
Towards southern climes now bend their way
That pale, cadaverous train,
On — on they press, yet, ever fail
Their fatherland to gain. —

When first the cock is heard to crow,
The spectral troop, once more,
Return to Scharfenstein and, claim
Admission at the door;
The doors fly open: — harshly creak,
While flames are circling round,
And close on that wan company,
With Death's sepulchral sound!

Godfrey Augustus Bürger.

(Born 1. Jan. 1748 at Wolmerswende near Halberstadt.

Died 8. July 1794 at Göttingen.)

The Wives of Weinsburgh.

Weinsburgh, a city long renowned,

Know'st thou where it doth lie? —

There many wives and maids are found,

Of worth and piety.

If e'er allied in Hymen's chain,

A Wife of Weinsburgh would I gain! —

Conrad hostilities declared
'Gainst Weinsburgh, famed so far;
The Emperor thitherward repaired,
With all the pomp of war;
Battalions were enkamped around,
Troops, horse, and foot, moved o'er the ground.—

As the besieged their town defend,
From war's destructive flame,
A herold doth the Emperor send,
This message to proclaim:
“Whene'er I pass yon wall I swear
No rebel shall the gallows spare!” —

Ah! — when this proclamation dread
The herold doth repeat,
In Weinsburgh lamentations spread,
What cries from street, to street!
How dear is bread, midst din of war,
Yet, good advice is dearer far!

The trembling monks exclaim, while roll

Warm torrents from their eye:

“Oh Lord! have mercy on my soul,

Alas! we soon must die;

Already, on my throat, I feel

The Emperor's avenging steel!” —

From deepest fathoms of despair,

When wisdom — prayers are vain,

How oft, from arts of woman fair,

Deliverance we obtain!

Priests' guile, and woman's subtlety, —

To these, oh, what compared may be!

A youthful and enamoured bride

Who pledged her nuptial vow,

But yesterday (you may deride),

Sage counsel would bestow, —

Counsel on which might all rely,

Could she but speak, at liberty. —

Beneath the moon's auspicious ray,
Th' ambassadors fair,
Toward Conrad's camp direct their way,
And crave for mercy there:
They plead so gently — plead so kind,
Yet, ah! — this boon, alone they find:

“The women all have egress free; —
With what they prize the best,
They may depart at liberty,
The sword awaits the rest!” —
O'erwhelmed by this announcement dire,
The deputation fair retire. —

When morn's first ray illumines the sky,
Lo! — Weinsburgh's gates unfold,
And, with emotions of surprise,
The Wives do all behold,
Each, with her Husband in a sack,
True as I'm living! — pickaback. —

Amid the knights, are murmurs heard,
Against the artifice;
“Sacred should be a monarch’s word,”
The Emperor Conrad cries;
“Bravo! Bravo!” doth he exclaim,
“Grant that our wives may do the same!” —

The Weinsburghers have pardon found,
A banquet they prepare;
Flute, violin, and trumpet sound,
What heart-felt joy is there!
Joy, felt, alike by great and small,
Broom-seller — burgomaster — all! —

Weinsburgh — by chroniclers renowned,
Know’st thou where it doth lie?
There, wives, and beauteous maids are found,
Of worth and piety.
Whene’er I tie th’ hymenial knot,
I ’ll choose a Wife, from that famed spot!

Frederick Schiller.

Give Honor to Woman!

Give honor to Woman! — she planteth, and
twineth,
Celestial roses on earth, and combineth
Love's sacred joy's, in a flowery band:
'Neath the veil of the graces, Woman rewardeth
Th' achievements of honour, and Woman's hand
guardeth
Virtue's pure flame, with a vigilant hand.

Far from Truth's all-sacred dwelling,
Man's impetuous soul would flee;
In his spirit wild are swelling
Tides that rush from passions' sea.
Ever towards the distant moving,
Never is his bosom still,
E'en to stars remote is roving
Man's ungovernable will!

The charm in the glance of mild Woman
enchains him,
Allures the wild fugitive, soothes and detains him,
Paths of reality points to his view;
A mother's affection a veil hath spread
round her,
When reared in simplicity, Man has e'er
found her,
The Daughter of Nature, angelic and true.

Warfare dread, Man e'er is waging,
 With destructive hand he moves,
 E'er in contest new engaging,
 As, o'er life's wide stage, he roves.
 Peaceful ne'er his soul is lying,
 What he forms is quickly dead, —
 Alive again! — Again is dying,
 Ever, as the Hydra's head!

In circles restricted, fair Woman e'er lingers,
 She culls the bright flowers that there bloom,
 and her fingers
 Twine perfumed wreaths that to Home e'er
 belong.
 Ah! Woman is free, in her tranquil dominion,
 Richer than Man, though his volatile pinion
 Glides amid science, and regions of song!

Proud of spirit, self-depending,
 Man's cold bosom doth not prove
 That calm bliss of hearts, when blending,
 In celestial ties of love.
 Gentle interchange of feeling
 — Ne'er exciteth trembling tears;
 Mid life's war, is he revealing
 Soul more stern, with ripening years.

The wind-harp, to zephyrs, is trembling, and
 sighing,
 The zephyr balsamic is sweetly replying;
 Woman! these tones are as accents of thine.
 Thus Woman responds, when pale grief is
 appealing,
 When sorrow doth plead, in her bright eye is
 stealing
 The tear, like a brilliant dew-drop divine.

Fond of war, though born to labour,
Power despotic Man doth crave,
Scythians govern by the sabre,
And the Persian is their slave.
Combat fierce are passions waging,
Struggling in confused array;
Discord's prowling troop is raging
Where the Graces once held sway!

But Woman with tenderness, urgeth, and
prayereth,
The sceptre of Virtue has charms, when she
swayeth,
Calming the soul, if wild passions rebel.
Now, they who in enmity lived, are united,
In bonds of affection and love, and invited,
In friendship's harmonious compact to dwell.

To the
Proselyte-maker.

“Give me a Grain of soil, from another universe
borrowed,”

Said an immortal Sage, “then, e’en the earth
will I move!” —

Let me depart from myself, and the Soul of
another accord me,
Then, by its influence swayed, I may thy
Proselyte be.

U l y s s e s.

O'er profound billows he roves, but his fatherland's
shore doth not greet him,
Scylla's peril defies, steers by Charybdes'
dark gulf,
Sails o'er tempestuous seas, and, by land is,
by danger, surrounded,
E'en unto Hades' realm, Fate guides the
wanderer's feet. —
Now, by deep slumber o'erpowered, to his Ithica's
coast is he wafted;
Waking, the isle he surveys, — gazes, but
knows not his home!

Emanuel Geibel.

(Born 10. October 1815, at Lübeck.

Residence, Munich, in Bavaria.)

The Gipsy-boy, wandering in the North.

Far in the south, in beauteous Spain, —

In Spain, my fatherland,

The chesnut-tree adorns the plain,

And, on the Ebro strand,

The almond-tree luxuriant grows,

Rich vines their store display; —

How fragrant there the blushing rose!

How bright the moon-lit ray!

With lute in hand, a gipsy-boy,
From house, to house, I roam;
Unknown to me the voice of joy,
Or friendship's sheltering home.
Whene'er, for bounty I implore,
If, sparingly, 't is given,
The nut-brown wanderer, from the door,
With tone severe, is driven.

'Neath mists that veil the sun's bright ray,
How languidly I bow!
Those joyous airs I used to play,
Are all forgotten now,
And, in one melancholy song,
Of hardships I complain:
To Spain — that sunny land, erelong
May I return again!

At the last harvest-home, how gay
They danced, in meadows fair!
My liveliest tunes I strove to play,
With heart, oppressed by care.
While dancers moved 'neath evening skies,
That glowed with tints of gold,
What burning tears bedimmed mine eyes,
And o'er my bosom rolled!

I mused on dances gay, in Spain, —
Soul-felt felicity,
I shared upon the moon-lit plain,
With bosom light and free,
When, by the cithern's cheering sound,
Light as the zephyry wind,
Fair maids, and youths moved o'er the ground,
In the fandango twined. —

Ah, no! — the yearnings of my heart,
No more can I restrain;
With every treasure would I part,
To feel home's bliss again. —
Forth to the south! — that sunny land,
Whose sky benignly glows!
'Neath chesnut-trees, on Spain's loved strand,
In death, may I repose!

On banks of shells retreating—
Hepose, amid dark ocean-races, away the
Many who sailed from the land

If ocean's billows roll away,
The sea engulfs its fragrant shore
Towards a mysterious ground—
And he who late was flesh and bone
An early tomb has found a lonely spot
Around each skeleton have spread

Ferdinand Freiligrath.

(Born 1810, at Detmold. Residence, London.)

The Dead in the Sea.

Deep, 'neath the green, unfathomed waves,
 On banks of shell — weed — sand,
 Repose, amid dark ocean-caves,
 Many who sailed from land.

The sea engulphs its fragile prey,
 Towards a mysterious ground,
 And he who, late, was fresh and gay,
 An early tomb has found.

On sand — weed — shell-bank — tranquilly,
How many others sleep,
Who were not, early, doomed to die,
Through tempests, on the deep!

In cabin, frigid and confined,
Has he resigned his breath!
They cast him overboard, entwined
Within the shroud of Death.

How deep a grave the sea's vast ground,
Beneath the watery sphere!
Wild waves eternally roll round
That church-yard, lone and drear!

If ocean's billows roll away,
And her hid depths unfold,
The sleepers there, in dread array,
Aghast, shall we behold;
The polypus a tortuous thread,
Around each skeleton have spread.

On mossy pillow, 'neath the spray,
They calmly rest, awhile;
As ocean's inmates round them play,
How fearfully they smile!

How skilfully the saw-fish there
Has polished every bone!
The mermaids, with assiduous care,
Rare ornaments place on.

One dresses the dishevelled hair,
Wild floating mid the gale,
A tint renowned one bringeth there,
The juice of purple snail.

One sings a melancholy strain,
Shell-bracelets some arrange,
The skeletons, beneath the main,
Are decked with jewels strange!

Bright yellow amber doth each hand,
And fleshless joint surround;
That skull, reposing on the sand,
With coral-wreath is crowned.

Within the sockets of the eye,
Are pearls of beauty rare,
In the gaunt bones sea-insects lie,
And gnaw the marrow there.

Yon mast, once, braved the tide profound, —
Defied the tempest's shock;
On that tall mast the dead are bound,
'T is wedged within the rock.

By fish, and worms, the silent dead
Are rooted in the sand;
Ah! dream the slumberers they have sped
To their lov'd fatherland? —

Beneath the green, mysterious wave,
Where pearls their lustre hide,
Reposeth many a sailor brave,
Who sank amid the tide!

He sleepeth, far from house, and home,
No flower bedecks his grave;
Thither no gentle friend doth roam,
With tears his tomb to lave.

Where sleep his relics peacefully,
No fragrant rosemary grows,
No cypress waves — no zephyrs fly, —
There blooms no fragrant rose. —

If, never glistens, on that spot,
The tear of sympathy, —
Why murmur? — It afflicteth not, —
The Dead beneath the Sea!

Lewis, Charles, Augustus I.

King of Bavaria.

(Born, 25. August 1786, at Strasburg.

Residence, Munich.)

The Nun of Himmelspforten.

(Himmelspforten, a Convent near Würzburg.)

Alas! the cell
 Becomes a hell,
 When warm the heart still glows;
 Walls, chill and drear!
 I perish here,
 When love's young flowers disclose!

Waves swiftly glide
O'er yonder tide,
Towards ocean, far away,
And thus, with me,
How rapidly,
Glides on life's joyless day!

Hence could I flee,
I'd rush to thee,
Wave that so mild doth roll!
I, prisoner lone,
Must here disown
Each impulse of my soul!

My strength doth fail,
My cheek turns pale,
Beneath a weight of woe;
I mourn and sigh,
Yet, from mine eye,
Warm tears have ceased to flow.

To thee I come,
Oh, friendly tomb!
Death claims a youthful prey.
Now falls the Veil! —
Him shall I hail,
In regions, far away.

The Monk of Oberzell.

(Oberzell, a Convent near Würzburg.)

While rapidly
The waves roll by,
Unsatisfied I feel;
As forth they rove,
Of her I love,
No tidings they reveal.

Receive these tears! —
My hopes — my fears,
In death will find relief;
Though writhes the heart,
'Neath love's keen dart,
How sacred is love's grief!

I am not far
From thee, my Star,
Yet, thou thy light dost veil; —
Veiled ever o'er? —
On earth, no more,
Bright Star! I, thee, shall hail.

Oh! pilot me,
Thou billowy sea!
Across thy rushing spray.
Hence may I haste,
And find, at last,
A friendly, peaceful bay!

Though waves flow on,
I stand alone,
In life — already dead.
On earth reigns night!
Yet, morning-light,
O'er yon blue sky is spread.

Yon pealing bell
May tidings tell,
Of nuptials — pleasure — death.
To me, kind Heaven
Will life have given,
When I 've resigned my breath.

J. W. Goethe.

Presence of the Beloved.

I think of thee, when, o'er the sparkling sea,
 The rays of Phoebus glide;
 I muse on thee, when Luna's brilliancy
 Illumes the silvery tide.

In foreign deserts, thou my sight dost cheer,
 When clouds obscure the sky;
 At midnight, wandering o'er lone mountains drear,
 Thy form is hovering nigh.

Thy voice I hear, amid the rushing flood,
 When ocean's billows rise:
For thee I list, 'mid forest, bower, and wood,
 When Nature, silent lies.

I 'm at thy side; — where'er on earth, thou
 roam,
Thine image glideth near;
Eve's sun-beams vanish — stars illumine Heaven's
 dome:

Would my beloved were here!

Reunion.

All Nature speaks of thee!
When Phoebus' light first gilds the sky,
Hope gently whispers — thou art nigh.

When roving 'mid thy bowers,
Thou art the rose of roses there;
What lily can, with thee compare?

When gliding 'mid the dance,
The planetary spheres, above,
In circling orbits, round thee move.

Speak not of dewy night!
At night, how pale, compared to thee,
Is Luna's amorous brilliancy?

How peerless are thy charms;
Moon, stars, and glowing flowers combine
To yield thee Beauty's palm divine.

Be thou my guiding Star!
May each enjoyment flow from thee,
In life, and in eternity!

To the absent.

Mine is a destiny severe!

Oh, my beloved! — art thou gone! —
Thy voice still vibrates on mine ear,
Still echoes thy minutest tone.

When Phoebus' earliest beams arise,
The wanderer, with lingering eye,
Surveys the lark that, mid the skies,
Warbles a joyous melody;

Thus, mid vale, — forest, I prolong
Each day, a melancholy strain!
Thou art the soul of every song;
Beloved! — haste to me again!

G. A. Bürger.

Count Charles of Eichenhorst

and

Gertrude of Hochburg.

A B a l l a d.

“Page! saddle me my Danish steed!

Hence — hence must I depart,

And, from this castle ride, with speed,

To find repose of heart!” —

This speaks Sir Charles — stranger to rest,

Presentiment o’erclouds his breast;

He feels like one who, in fierce strife,

Has robbed a deadly foe of life! —

He darteth off; — sparks, glittering fly,
Beneath his courser's feet;
Lo! Gertrude's maid, advancing nigh,
The Chevalier doth greet.
She seemeth like a phantom light,
Beguiling his astonished sight;
Immoveably doth he remain,
And fever-flushes chafe each vein.

“May God, for thee, Sir Charles, prepare
Peace and felicity!
A farewell message do I bear,
From Gertrude unto thee.
Thou ne'er wilt claim fair Gertrude's hand!
Count Churl, from Pomerania's land,
The promise of her father won,
And Gertrude, soon, will be his own!” —

What passions struggle in his breast! —

“In castle dungeon lone,
Where toads and serpents make their nest,
The caitiff shall be thrown!

No peaceful sleep shall close mine eyes,
Till, in his heart, my weapon lies, —
Till that presumptuous heart I 've torn,
And spurned, with an indignant scorn.” —

Heart-broken, to her chamber lone,

Repairs th' affianced Bride,
And there she utters many a groan,

And, there her tears doth hide.

May God who views her anguish wild,

Console that gentle, sorrowing child!

His eye surveys the rankling dart:

His hand, alone can balm impart. —

She saith: — “I soon, through keen despair,
Shall be the prey of death.
Haste! my last salutation bear,
Ere I resign my breath!
Say, that from Gertrude thou dost bring
A farewell gift — this golden ring,
And a memento from the hand
Of Gertrude — an embroidered band.” —

Like ocean's roar, when billows rise,
The maiden's accents sound:
The stars seem wandering mid the skies,
And mountains whirl around.
As leaves, driven by the wintry wind,
Thus roves tumultuously his mind,
And stern despair usurps control
O'er Charles' agitated soul. —

“God recompense thee, faithful maid!

I, thee can never pay,

For that memento, now conveyed,

God will, a future day,

A hundred fold! — Swift as a dart,

Courageous maiden! — oh depart!

If thousand-fold her chains should be,

Tell her, — I ’ll set the captive free!”

“Haste! gallop with rapidity!

I vow, I will not fail,

From giant’s hand, to set her free, —

Yes, giant, clad in mail!

Tell Gertrude that at twelve, to-night,

Cheered by the stars’ benignant light,

Beneath her window, I ’ll await,

If weal, or woe should be my fate.”

“Haste! haste thee!” — Swift, at his command,
Doth Gertrude’s maid depart.
Charles’ aching brow rests on his hand,
How palpitates his heart!
Now right — now left, his steed he turns,
His cheek with fever-flushes burns,
And thoughts conflicting chafe his mind,
Ere a conclusion can he find. —

Loud echoes the Knight’s silver horn,
From tower, and balcony,
Behold! o’er wood, vale, field of corn,
And hill, his vassals fly.
To each assembling swift around,
Charles whispers a mysterious sound: —
“Be vigilant, my trusty band!
List to my bugle! — Be at hand!” —

When hill and vale are mantled o'er
By shades of sombre night,
And, one by one, from Hochburg's tower,
The stars withdraw their light,
When each is lulled to peaceful rest,
Save Gertrude who, with throbbing breast,
And feverish thoughts that wildly rove,
Muses on Charles, her youthful love; —

List! — List! — a gently — whispering tone
Salutes the mourner's ear:
“My Gertrude! — my beloved one;
Thy faithful Knight is here,
And thy deliverer will be!
Haste, oh, my Gertrude! Haste to me!
Descend the ladder! — Banish fear;
Far hence my courser thee will bear!”

“Ah, my beloved Charles! no! no!

If hence I speed with thee,
Still more profound will be my woe,

Dishonoured shall I be!

Yet, dearest treasure of my heart!

One farewell kiss, before we part,

Oh Charles! for ever. — Soon, my breath

Shall I resign, and welcome death.” —

“Gertrude! to mine integrity,

A world mayst thou confide.

My child! thy honour trust to me,

Mine own affianced Bride!

Haste! to my mother shalt thou go,

Till solemnized our nuptial-vow;

Auspicious is the night, to thee;

In God, and me trust faithfully!” —

“A haughty baron is my sire,
Proud of his ancestry;
I tremble now before his ire,
Forbear! — This cannot be.
Revenge would chafe him, night and day,
Until thy life became his prey, —
Until thy heart, in bitter scorn,
Before his daughter’s eye, is torn!”

“Nought should I fear, if, at my side,
My Gertrude had I placed;
Then east, and west would open wide: —
Beloved, why linger? — Haste!
List! list! — What moves in yon dark spot?
Descend, oh Gertrude! Tarry not!
The night hath ears; soon dawns the day;
Haste! — We are lost! — Oh, haste away!” —

With hesitation doth she stand, —
Each breath her soul alarms.
The Knight hath grasped her snowy hand,
Gertrude in his arms! —
While folded to his panting breast,
How ardently is she caressed!
And Heaven's auspicious stars, above,
Witness their vows of faithful love. —

Quickly is placed th' affianced Bride,
On the Knight's Polish steed:
As lightning Charles is at her side,
And forth he darts, with speed,
As on the wind's swift pinion borne! —
O'er his steed's saddle hangs the horn,
The whip and spur he now applies,
And, in the rear, soon Hochburg lies. —

How sensitive is midnight's ear,
To each minutest tone!
A traitoress is listenig near,
To whom each sound hath flown.
Th' insidious duenna keen,
Of sordid mind, and spirit mean,
Arises quickly from her bed,
And echo's voice the news hath spread. —

“Awake, illustrious Baron! — Wake!
Depart, without delay!
Thy daughter's honour is at stake,
Now, now she hastes away,
With Charles of Eichenhorst, by night,
The forest-shades protect their flight;
Oh, tarry not, Sir Knight! — Begone,
The fugitive may, yet, be won.”

“Forth to the rescue! — Swift repair!

Rise, noble Count! Arise!”

Soon as the message greets his ear,

Thus Gertrude’s father cries. —

“My son, from Pomerania’s land,

Arouse thee, sword, and lance in hand!

From thee is stolen thy promised Bride;

Re-capture her! — As lightning ride!” —

Mid twilight’s gloom the lovers fly;

List! — near are tones profound, —

Hark! — cries tumultuous echo nigh,

From Hochburg they resound.

The Pomerian’s rapid steed

Bears on the Count, with breathless speed,

And ’neath fair Gertude’s trembling glance,

Glistens the hated rival’s lance!

“Robber of honour! halt the here,
With thine unworthy prey!
Thee will I teach, with sword, and spear,
To steal a Bride away!
Halt fugitive coquette! Await!
My vengeance will I satiate;
Thy guilty paramour, and thee,
I doom to death, and infamy!” —

“List! — clown from Pomerania’s land; —
Thou liest! — Here, I vow,
On thee, with sword, and lance, in hand,
A lesson I ’ll bestow!
Gertrude! the courser be thy care,
Dismount Sir Rustic, from thy mare;
More polished manners learn! Attend!
Instructions I ’ll impart! Descend!” —

What is fair Gertrude's keen despair!
She views, by morn's first light,
Bright sabres, glistening in the air,
Clashing mid deadly fight!
On polished armour, weapons sound,
Awakening caverned echoes round,
And, o'er the rival enemies,
Vapour, and circling dust arise.

Like tempest's breath, Sir Charles' steel
Has pierced his hated foe!
Ah! what unbounded joy doth feel
The ardent lovers now!
Yet, e'er he can remount his steed,
List! List! advancing, at full speed,
The Baron's rear-guard now appear; —
Behold! the vassal train is near!

“Trara! Trara! through wood, and glade,
Charles’ silver horn doth sound;
Like spirits, from their ambuscade,
His vassals rally round. —
“Brave Baron halt! — A word with thee!
Seest thou yon gallant company,
Assembled? — ready, at my word,
For death, or life, to draw the sword?”

“Illustrious Baron list! that thou
Mayst have no cause to mourn.
Thy child and I, love’s sacred vow,
Long, mutually, have sworn.
Oh! wilt thou sever heart from heart? —
Shall Gertrude’s — prey to sorrow’s dart,
Cry to the world, and God, Sir Knight? —
Alas! so be it. — Let us fight!” —

“Reply not! — lest thy heart upbraid;
God hears the vow I swear:
To Gertrude, honour have I paid,
Deny me not my prayer!
Father! — bestow thy daughter's hand;
Heaven gave me gold, high birth, and land;
Dishonour sullies not my name,
And palms I 've won, in deeds of fame!” —

Pale as a statue — mute with woe,
Stands Gertrude' near her sire;
Her veins, with fever-flushes glow,
While braving his fierce ire.
Ah! what conflicting pangs she feels,
As, near that sire, the suppliant kneels!
Though gushing tears bedim her eye,
His wrath she fain would pacify. —

“Father! as for thine errors, thou
Dost humbly pray that Heaven,
In mercy, pardon would bestow, —
Thus, be thy Child forgiven!
With tortured feelings did I roam
From the beloved, paternal home. —
To one I loathed, could I have given
Love’s hallowed vow? — Forbid it, Heaven!”

“How oft didst thou, when on thy knee,
Thine arm around me twine!
Child of thy heart, pronouncing me,
Thy staff, in life’s decline!
My Father! — think of days, flown by!
Destroy not my felicity!
Forgiveness, if my Sire denies,
My life will be the sacrifice!” —

No sentence doth the Baron speak,
How palpitates his breast,
As his deep-furrowed, time-browned cheek
Upon his hand doth rest!
Grief clouds the Father's heart, and eye,
Yet, pride that reigns internally,
Forbids that Nature's tears reveal
All his paternal soul doth feel.

O'er anger, has the father's breast
Obtained a victory:
Those tears the Baron long suppressed,
Gush from his haughty eye.
From earth is raised his prostrate child,
The tempest of his feelings wild,
In weeping doth a channel find,
Though roused to frenzy feels his mind.

“Gertrude! — my sins may God forgive,
As I now pardon you!
My benediction oh, receive!
Affection we renew.”
Advancing to the Knight: — “My son,
May God approve this union!
My Gertrude I resign to thee!
Happy may this alliance be!”

“Gertrude, my child, thy Bride shall be,
And I will be thy sire;
Forgive — forget all enmity!
Oblivion to ire!
Thy father, mine inveterate foe,
O'erwhelmed me, once, in bitter woe;
Though animosity is flown,
The sire, I hated, in the son!”

“Thy sire’s injustice now repair,
Towards Gertrude, and to me;
That life’s ‘good measure’ I may share,
And owe my bliss to thee!
May God who contemplates us now!
Shower benedictions on love’s vow!
Exchange the ring, the hand, the heart!
Rancour! — from memory, oh, depart!

Lewis I.
King of Bavaria.

The weeping Rock
at Fontainebleau.

“Wilt thou repudiate my heart,
And break a plighted vow?
Spring’s blooming roses soon depart,
And still alone art thou.”

“My faithful love wilt thou despise?
For change thy soul doth long:
Oh maiden! swift as west-wind flies
The gay, adoring throng!” —

Love's constant vow has charms, no more,
He quits the maid, for ever.
Of grief that gnaws his heart's deep core,
The Youth complaineth never.

A lonesome rock is his retreat, —
A rock Sophia's heart!
He findeth no enjoyment sweet,
E'er rankles sorrow's dart.

Far from the world's tumultuous crowd,
In drear obscurity,
By countless trials is he bowed,
And ne'er, from grief is free.

Encreasing years no peace bestow,
Tears dim the mourner's eye,
And, farther to increase his woe,
He thinks of days, gone by.

How joyously then passed away
The gay, luxuriant hours,
When mutual love, in life's young May,
His path bedecked with flowers! —

A kind, compassionating God
Who views his mental strife,
Relieves him from his wearying load, —
A tearful, hated life!

He 's metamorphosed into stone;
Yet, rock and mountain prove
No barrier, for still flow on
The tears, sacred to love! —

A thousand years have passed away,
And still, on that lone spot,
Love's trembling tears may all survey, —
The course arresteth not!

Frederick Schiller.

The Lament of Ceres.

(Ceres, Goddess of agriculture was the daughter of Saturn and Cybele. To this Goddess were dedicated many celebrated temples, and death was the punishment awarded to those who disturbed the mysterious rites therein celebrated.

Proserpine was the daughter of Jupiter and Ceres. When, in company with Cyane, she was gathering flowers, in the meadows of Sicily, she was forcibly conveyed away.

Ceres, her mother, traversed the earth, by night, and by day, in search of her daughter, and during her melancholy pilgrimage, she gave instructions, in agriculture, to the inhabitants of those countries through which she passed.

Ceres was informed by Arethusia, that Pluto had carried away her child. She descended to the infernal regions, where she discovered Proserpine who refused to return. Finding that her remonstrances were in vain, Ceres appealed to Jupiter, who decided that, Proserpine should pass six months of the year with Pluto, her husband, and the remaining six with Ceres.)

Is beauteous Spring returned again?

Is earth adorned in youth's array? —

Luxuriant verdure decks each plain,

Firm icy barriers melt away;

On azure streamlets, decked with flowers,

Smiles Jupiter, from cloudless skies,

Buds deck the trees, and 'mid the bowers

The aromatic zephyr sighs.

While birds melodiously sing,

An Oread, from the mountain wild,

Whispers: "Thy flowerets welcome Spring,

Yet where, oh Ceres, is thy Child?"

Alas! how many a wearing day
I've sought her, on earth's farthest shore!
Titan! illumined by thy ray,
I've roamed, yet, vainly I explore.
My heart bereaved has no repose,
Mine ear, no welcome tidings greet,
The Sun whose light can all disclose,
Revealeth not my Child's retreat.
Oh Jupiter! — is she with thee?
Doth Pluto stern her heart enchain? —
O'er Orcus, in captivity,
Hath she been steered to his domain."
Who, to that melancholy strand,
Will be my envoy of despair?
The boat e'er steereth from the land,
Yet, Shadows, only enter there.
Ah! veiled from Joy's celestial eye,
Is yonder wild, umbrageous sphere,

And o'er Styx' wave, vitality
Hath never, yet presumed to steer!
Thither lead countless pathways wild,
Yet, none conducts to glowing day;
The tears of mine afflicted Child,
Who, to her Mother, will convey?

A mother, born of Phyrre's race,
When Life's frail taper doth expire,
May rush to meet her child's embrace,
From the funereal, smouldering fire!
To those around th' Olympian throne,
Is veiled the melancholy strand:
Why do Immortals feel, alone,
Oh Destiny! thy rigid hand? —
Chase me to realms, of endless night!
Disown a Goddess' rights, in me!
From halls, illumed by heavenly light,
Hath sprung a Mother's misery.

Light as a shadow would I glide
To the mysterious domain
Of Pluto! — there his captive Bride,
In friendless majesty, doth reign!
My Daughter's eye, bedew'd with tears,
Now seeks, in vain, Heaven's golden light,
Her spirit roves to distant spheres,
Yet, Ceres never greets her sight. —
Till cherished by her Mother's love, —
Till breast to breast united be,
Compassion's influence will move
Chill Orcus unto sympathy!
Hope visionary! Sorrow vain!
The heavenly chariot of day,
One changeless course will e'er maintain,
Thus uniformly Jove doth sway.
From yon umbrageous, silent shore,
Olympian Jove averts his eye;

Once doomed Styx' region to explore,
My Child is lost eternally! —
Lost — till Aurora's golden rays,
On the dark wave of Orcus glow,
Or Iris joyously displays,
In Hell, her bright, celestial bow!

Hath Ceres no memento cherished,
The offering of affection's hand,
Her guarantee of love, unperished,
While wanderer on a distant strand? —
Do not eternal bonds of love,
A Child's and Mother's heart combine?
Do not the Dead and Living prove
The bliss of sympathy divine?
For ever, art thou lost to me? —
No! — language have th' Immortals given;
When intercourse I hold, with thee,
I still shall feel the joys of Heaven!

When Boreas' keen, remorseless breath
Destroys Spring's blooming progeny,
When trees assume the garb of death,
And frigid clouds have veil'd the sky,
A treasure of Vertumnus' horn,
The earth's inestimable prize,
The ripe, luxuriant, golden Corn,
To glumy Styx I 'll sacrifice:
In earth, my Daughter — near thy heart,
The seeds I 'll scatter mournfully,
My grief maternal to impart,
— And mine undying love to thee!

Led in the joyous dance of hours,
When bounteous Spring appears again,
To rend Death's chain, and scatter flowers
O'er verdant hill, and sunny plain,
Germs perished, long, to mortal eyes,
Will pierce the renovated earth,

And flowerets of celestial dyes,
Will spring, luxuriantly, to birth;
As heavenward their petals grow,
The roots descend towards realms of night,
And nourishment will daily flow
From Styx, and ether's fostering light.

Thus from the Living and the Dead,
Deriving their vitality,
From Pluto's realm, they balm will shed; —
What consolation bear to me! —
They say: the tender plants of Spring
Are captives in the sombre tomb;
Yet, the expanding flowerets bring
Alleviation to my doom.
They whisper: „Far from golden day,
Affection still her bosom warms:
In regions where pale shadows stray,
A Mother's love has deathless charms!”

With rapture shall I welcome you,
Sweet Children of the youthful year!
Ye shall inhale nectareous dew,
When decked in beauty you appear!
With tints of Iris' heavenly bow
My fragrant Offspring I 'll adorn;
Their colours shall surpass the glow
Of fair Aurora's blush of morn! —
When Spring luxuriant smiles around,
Each tender breast my joy will feel:
And Autumn, with pale chaplet crowned,
My love and anguish will reveal.

Lewis I.

King of Bavaria.

The Mountain of Untersberg.

A legend.

If thou the strange, mysterious forms survey,
The fissures of the Untersberg reveal,
To terror would thy soul become a prey,
And nameless palpitation wouldst thou feel.

If, o'er yon mountain-height, thou shouldst
ascend,
And, from the summit, dare to gaze around,
Thine ear — what loud, discordant tones would
rend,
Tones, rushing from unfathomed gulphs
profound!

In chasms of that towering marble wall,
Now tinged with dazzling rays of heavenly light,
What countless wanderers have been doomed to fall,
Mid sombre regions of eternal night!

Th' innumerable legends we are told
Of that external and internal sphere, —
Legends, transmitted from the days of old,
Excite resistless terror, as we hear.

The riches heaped within each steep recess,
Have often charmed the wondering traveller's eye;
Yet, the alluring treasures to possess,
The possibility doth hope deny.

A dwarfish crowd, 'neath midnight's moon-lit sky,
Unto the church, at Unterstein repair;
If he who meets them doth not quickly fly,
That troop, as prisoners, the wanderers bear.

Ah! ne'er returneth the entangled prey,
From Untersberg, that subterranean sphere;
All — all pine imperceptibly away,
When, by that race, led to their mystic sphere.

The emperor, Charles the Great, is doomed to stay
Within th' enchanted mountain's fearful breast;
Though many centuries have passed away,
Immoveably the Emperor still doth rest;

There, will the Monarch captive lie, till round
The circling table, thrice his beard doth grow!
Then, will the hour of his deliverance sound,
And his companions' breasts with freedom glow.

They 'll pass the marble barrier again,
On Walserfeld his banner will be furled,
Then over mountain, forest, hill, and plain,
Will sound the knell of an expiring world!

S a p p h o.

On fair Leucadès tranquil plain,
Illumed by moon-lit skies,
And far extending o'er the main,
Steep, towering rocks arise.

Far, far projecting o'er the sea,
Love's Monument they stand;
Sappho has immortality
Given to Leucadès' strand.

The Songstress, long renowned, was born
In Lesbos' valley fair;
How soon bright laurel-crowns adorn
The Maiden's flowing hair!

The Grecians hear, enraptured, long
Her lyre's melodious tone,
Yet Sappho's sweet, harmonious song,
Is tuned to love, alone.

The approbation circling round,
When Sappho's accents flow,
And when her golden strings resound,
No pleasure can bestow.

Though, by terrestrial luxury bowed,
No joy can wealth impart;
In love, her soul escapes the crowd, —
Love triumphs o'er her heart.

Tranquillity her breast doth find,
Love's ray her spirit cheers;
Each crown would Sappho have resigned,
For love's luxuriant tears.

How rapidly do years glide by,
 Beguiled with mutual love! —
Terrestrial felicity
 Doth fluctuating prove.

An evanescent flower is love,
 It blossoms and it dies!
As clouds that 'mid blue ether move,
 Thus swift the passion flies.

Phaon forgets love's plighted vow,
 From Sappho turns aside,
And, for the volatile he now
 Resigns a tuneful Bride. —

That love in Sappho's heart's deep core,
 Is firmly rooted there!
Grief's dart can she endure, no more,
 And yieldeth to despair. —

She stands upon the rocky height,
While frenzy chafes each vein. —
Mid wild waves glides her vesture light;
Sappho sinks 'neath the main!

G. Manner.

The Nemesis of History.

Humanity! say — when will terminate

The martyrdom, so long endured by thee? —

Dare we solution clear, from Hope, await?

What consolation offers History,

When frank, impartial answer, we demand? —

With anguish deep, will History reply,

That, near each noble heart, doth ever stand

A stern avenger, with remorseless eye!

The best, and all of noble, generous soul,

The hate of their contemporaries find;

Greece intellectual hath her hemlock-bowl,

There dwells the sophist keen, of subtle mind.

The Prophet of Judea is arraigned

Before an earthly tribunal, and there,

By priests, Seducer of the people named.

For Christ — what trammels pharisees prepare!

The victim of insidious enemies,

Nailed on a cross — behold! the Saviour dies.

To beasts ferocious, at each public game,
 The followers of Christ become a prey,
 And later, they who bear the christian name,
 (With what just reason, who presumes to say?)
 A diabolic power to exercise,
 Ensanguined, fearful orgies celebrate;
 The holy Inquisition's walls arise,
 For Christians, — piles funereal await!
 As, by proud Romans, in the days, gone by,
 The Heretics — that noble race, are led
 To stake, and scaffold, there condemned to die,
 While persecution's flames, in volumes, spread,
 For victims' blood must flow, to satiate
 A vengeful Nemesis' rapacious hate!
 A sanguinary Nemesis doth stand
 Near those whom noble sentiments inspire:
 Martyrs and victims, e'er will she demand,
 While those exist, whom thoughts enlightened
 fire.

Lewis I.

King of Bavaria.

John of Prosida.

Prosida see'st thou rise, from yon calm sea? —

Morn's humid, early mist hath veiled the coast,
As waves, against the shore, play tranquilly.

Although that isle no boundary wide can boast,
It is renowned, through one, on whom has Fame,
In Freedom's cause, bestowed a deathless name.

Th' imperial Dynasty is doomed to fall,

The House of Hohenstaufen reigns, no more,
A Tyrant governs in the kingly hall,

His sword drinks deeply of Sicilian gore;
Flown is the youthful Conrad's noble blood,
Beneath the axe, gushes life's purple flood! —

The foreign rulers exercise their power,
With unrestrained, voluptuous liberty;
On pleasure do they gloat, as he, on gore,
Upon whose head a Murderer's crown doth lie;
Like Charles of Anjou, on his blood-stained throne,
Here, recklessly, the French, each law disown.

The rights of age, youth, birth, do they defy,
And, to licentiousness, become the slaves,
They make parade of each atrocity,
From gross indignity, no virtue saves;
To satisfy unbridled lust, they live,
And, to base passions, daily offerings give.

How keenly John of Prosida doth feel
The wound that Sicily is doomed to bear! —
He fans the spark that hatred doth reveal, —
A smouldering spark, enkindled by despair.
Will he expel the impious, ruthless foe? —
All — all shall perish 'neath one mystic blow! —

Long ere, from Aetna's crater, towering high,
Destructive torrents of bright lava flow,
Deceitful calms th' irruption prophesy, —
Thus hide the multitude a desperate blow;
A thrilling silence, and tranquillity,
Conceal the thunderbolts that hover nigh! —

T' avenge the wrongs that on life's vitals prey,
And purify the soil, by one dread blow,
Will the Sicilians crime, by crime, repay,
And swear Extermination to their Foe! —
Hark! — the Sicilian Vesper-bells resound! —
The French, the prey of Dead, lie, piled around!

Frederick Ruckert.

(Born 16. May, 1789, at Schweinfurt, in Unterfranken.

Residence, Berlin.)

The Favourite of the Moorish King.

The Moorish King is at the feast,
Rich wine exhilarates his soul;
While near is many a high-born guest,
He gives his chamberlain the bowl.

“Quaff! — quaff the bright, luxuriant wine,
And wish thy King prosperity!
Of that which give the Powers divine,
My slaves shall now partake with me.” —

“Long live the King!” loud echoes round; —

So lowly doth the slave incline,

That, from the goblet, on the ground,

Is shed the sparkling, rosy wine.

With smile sarcastic in his eye,

The King exclaims, in drunken mood:

“Bend not with such humility,

For wine, thus spilt, betokens blood!” —

He turns from him who trembling, kneels,

Oppressed by royal clemency.

Loud through each antichamber peals

The Monarch’s voice: he thus doth cry:

“Forth from the castle’s secret walls,

The tuneful Songstress hither bring!

Her silvery voice, amid these halls,

Inspires delight, as she doth sing.” —

“How sweet her intonations clear
Behind yon curtain’s clustering folds!
And all, with ecstasy, will hear
A Nightingale that none beholds.” —

That Nightingale’s sweet accents flow,
Like zephyry wind, through evening skies,
And, in each hearer’s bosom now
What transports undefined arise!

As though to see the magic tone,
Upon the curtain rests each eye;
Sweet music’s charm the goblets own,
And, in vibrating notes, reply! —

The King, enchanted, hears the strain,
And fills his goblet, o’er and o’er:
Who tells what feels the chamberlain,
While trembling beneath music’s power!

A magic charm o'erwhelms his mind,
He comes and goes, with footstep light;
The curtain waved by gentle wind,
Approach, appearing to invite.

The veil is raised! — With frenzied eye,
Inebriated doth he gaze! —
As tempest bursting through the sky,
The King, that sacrilege surveys!

“What! darest gaze, audaciously
On one whom I, alone, should see?
Thou shalt behold the Songstress nigh,
And contemplate her leisurely!” —

The executioner, at hand,
Awaiteth near the corridor.
The Monarch whispers a command;
Shuddering, the slave moves towards the door. —

He is returned, swift, as on wings,
He has performed an office dread;
On sparkling, golden bowl, he brings
The beauteous Songstress' gory head!

At the King's feet the head is placed,
The chamberlain there trembling lies. —
“At leisure may she be embraced,
Since her sweet notes have not sufficed!”

“Embrace the Songstress, fear no more!
Impatiently behold thou here,
With sword, already stained with gore,
The executioner is near!” —

He grasps that head warm blood doth stain,
The cheek he kisses, and expires! —
The Moorish Monarch's Chamberlain
No executioner requires. —

The Moorish Sovereign looks around,
With keenly scrutinizing eye;
The noble Moors, unto the ground
Incline, with awe, and silently. —

The King exclaims, with thrilling tone:
“Hence take the bodies speedily!
In the same grave may they be thrown
Who, Chamberlain elect shall be?

Nicholas Lenau.

(Born 13. August 1802 at Esatad, in Hungary.
Died 22. August, 1850, at Döbling, near Vienna.)

The three Indians.

Fierce bursts wild tempest through the frowning
sky,
Tall, aged mountain-oaks uprooted lie,
Winds louder sound than Niagara's roar;
The vivid lightning darts across the waves,
That rush from deep, unfathomed ocean-caves,
And rise, in billows, of o'erwhelming power.

Upon the rugged shore, three Indians stand,
And view the tempest's all-destructive brand,
While, through the forest, hurl death's
fearful tones; —
One Indian is a Chief whose hair is grey,
Yet vigorous strength, his noble limbs display,
The Chief's companions are his youthful sons.

The Sire regards those sons, with earnest gaze;
More sombre than the clouds that veil Heaven's
rays,

Is the impressive glance he doth impart;
More fierce the lightning kindling in his eye,
Than that which cleaves th' ethereal canopy,
And thus bursts forth the tempest of his heart:

"Accurst be the white man's posterity!
Curst be the ships that bore, o'er yonder sea,
Those wandering beggars that, here refuge found!
Curst be the winds, propitious to their sails!
Curst be the rocks that mid o'erwhelming gales,
Engulphed them not, when tempest hurled
around!"

"Each day, the white man's vessels, rapidly,
As darts envenomed, o'er the ocean fly,

Our coast is blighted by destruction's breath.
That band of robbers nought have left us now,
Save, deadly, bitter hate, that e'er will glow;
My sons! — deliverance let us find, in death!" —

Upon the shore, umbrageous willows grow,
And thence the Chief, detaching his canoe,
It drifts, unto the boiling flood, a prey;
On mountain-billows wild, the oars are thrown;
With arm encircled, father, brother, son,
Chant, 'mid the whirlwind's tone, death's
thrilling lay. —

Heaven's forked lightning gleameth vividly,
Dread thunderbolts reverberate, on high,
How wildly sound the joyous sea-birds cries!
The Indians still, with animated breath,
In chorus, sing their thrilling song of death,
Till Niagara has engulfed her prize.

Robert Ednard Prunk.

(Born 30. May 1816, at Stettin. Residence, Halle.

Algiers.

Algiers is vanquished! — on Kasauba's wall
 The Gallic pennon floats — red, blue, and white.
 The drum is silent: shades of evening fall,
 And, to the camp's turmoil, succeeds calm night.
 The scattered fragments of a bastion lie
 Where palm-trees wave, mid air, their branches
 high.

A soldier of the foreign legion
 Is there; his cheek is ruddy, blue his eye,
 And near him is the desert's swarthy son,
 A youth, advancing towards maturity,
 The German soldier's prize, amid the spoil
 He captured upon Afric's yellow soil.

The balmy air, to converse, doth invite ;
 Around the Gallic camp bright watch-fires
 glow,

How brilliant is the stars' unclouded light!

No zephyr breathes; — sounds, from a dis-
tance flow: —

Against the rocks, waves, undulating play,
While thus the pair beguile night's hours away.

One from the north, and one the desert's child;
On each young brow rancour and grief leave
trace,

Each hears, surprised, his comrade's history wild.

The Moor thus speaks: "I'm of Bedouin race,
My father was a chief, of glorious name,
His equal ne'er was seen, in deeds of fame!"

"My house the desert, o'er me, as a tent,

Heaven spreads her canopy; my sole delight
Is my beloved steed. I'm early sent

To learn the art of war, where heroes fight;
When, o'er the plain, I chase the swift gazelle,
As horseman, all confess that I excel."

“Youth’s flower is blighted! — What, to me,
remains?

Destroyed, or lost, is all that I possessed,
And o’er this arm, entwine a captive’s chains!” —

Conflicting thoughts o’erwhelm the German’s
breast,

While speaking of his cherished fatherland,
And native city, on a distant strand,

Where rise stone buildings, stage, succeeding stage,

And where his honored sire, in knowledge sound,

Commands the veneration of the age:

He speaketh of the schools’ contracted bound,
Where science deep, and mirth the time divide.

He talks of legends, told at eventide.

He tells of students wild, with spirit free;

Now clash their glasses — now their falschions
rise:

He speaks of hats they wear, mysteriously, —

Of duels, agents of police, and spies.

A fatal wound is given, ’mid deadly strife! —

Now roves a Wanderer, o’er the stage of life! —

Who tells the sequel of his destiny?

What varied scenes await the fugitive!

Those scenes, on time's e'er circling pinion fly,

Yet, deeply-traced, on memory, will live. —

How taciturn the desert's Son doth stand,

As in a dream, his eye fixed on the sand! —

His fiery glance he turns toward Heaven's pure
light:

“Fatima! — Fatima! — The gazelle see'st thou,
With agile footstep, glide o'er Atlas' height?

Her eye is brilliant as the moon's pure glow,
That smiles, unclouded, from Heaven's blue
domain,

And fresh as crystal rivulet on the plain!”

“How dark her tresses! — darker than night's ray,

And, like the leaves of the anemony,
Is that warm glow which, o'er her cheek doth play!

Her breath is perfumed, as the coffee-tree,
That Yemen's sunny, fostering rays embrown:

Fatima! — Fatima! — thou 'rt the maidens'
crown!”

"Distant is Ali! — Fatima sheds tears;

Ali, 'midst enemies doth captive lie!" —

The German starts: before his eye appears

His own Belov'd, with cheek, of pallid die;

Behind the wood he views a verdant spot,

O'er which, at eve, he wandered to her cot.

He sees the honey-suckle covered bowers

In which, 'neath starry skies, they used to meet,

And joyously beguile the summer hours.

The soldier cries: "Stranger! — depart! — Be fleet!

Behold! I break the Captive's fetters now;

Forth! — morn's chill air is glancing on my brow."

"Son of the Desert linger not; thou 'rt free." —

"Thanks!" cries the Moor, while kneeling at his feet;

The German leads him in security,

Mid sentinels; gives him his charger fleet.

And bids him hasten homeward. — Swift as wind

He rides, while clouds of dust ascend behind.

The German gazes, 'till he disappears,

Then turns, with eye bedimmed by gushing tears.

Hermann Margraff.

(Born 14. September 1809, at Zullichau.
Residence, Hamburg.)

Butterflies.

Refreshing showers have ushered in young May,
With golden treasures, gemmed by pearly dew,
Her brow is crowned with rosy chaplet gay,
Unnumbered garlands, at her feet, we view;
To welcome her, birds warble, on each spray,
Their silent homage, blooming flowers renew,
Spring's tender plants, awaked to life again,
Amid the forest hide, and deck the plain.

While slumbering in an arbour, May doth lie,
With wreath of variegated flowerets crowned,
As mid blue ether, feathered songsters fly,
And there, melodiously, their voices sound,
When, mid umbrageous tombs, their harmony
Gives charms to mournful, silence, hovering
round, —
Thus gently whisper odorous Flowerets fair:
“Could we become as birds that rove mid air!”

“From realm to region should we bend our way,
And there luxuriate 'neath Heaven's sunny
height!
Enwraptured, through blue ether could we stray,
With soul, inebriated by delight!” —
List! — tones celestial sound! — Fair as young day,
Behold! — a heavenly Being greets their
sight;
Before the Flowerets doth an Angel stand,
With wand, and water-lily in his hand.

Lo! on each Floweret doth his wand repose,
Behold! light, variegated pinions rise!
Part bird, part flower, the lily, and the rose,
Essay their new-born wings, 'neath smiling
skies.

Near Flowers, gay Butterflies sip dew that flows
From Heaven; with Flowers feel mutual
sympathies,
With buds, and blossoms reach maturity,
And Flowers and Butterflies, together die.

G. Mürrer.

Rock of the seven Sisters.

A Legend of the Rhine.

Illumed by sunny rays of gold,
Doth Schönberg, on the Rhine arise.
Yon seven grey rocks dost thou behold,
Aspiring, proudly toward the skies?

A castle there was wont to stand,
Though now we seek the trace, in vain,
A haughty baron of the land,
There dwelt, and wide was his domain.

Seven Daughters fair, of matchless grace,
Possessed th' illustrious Baron proud,
And many a knight, of kingly race,
As suitors, to the Damsels, bowed.

They sighed, yet, hopelessly they loved,
Though pining 'neath a rankling dart:
Inexorably cold still proved
Each beauteous Maiden's flinty heart.

They were as Syrens who with wile,
And captivating witchery,
Were wont the pilot to beguile,
With songs, while traversing the sea.

Of those who sought the Maidens fair,
How many fell beneath love's flame!
They died, the victims of despair,
And gained, as Werther, mournful fame. —

Yet, just, and retributive Heaven
 Wills not that faithful hearts thus pine;
 Have not the Powers celestial given
 To human clay, love's spark divine? —

Seven thunderbolts destructive rolled
 Upon the Sisters, and they died! —
 In yon seven Rocks thou dost behold,
 They stand, for ages, typified.

Song of the amorous Pilgrim.

A wanderer, when from thee, I part,
All pleasure I forego,
As troubled ocean is my heart,
Whose treasured Pearl art thou!

The light of stars, and sunny skies,
That gilds the crystal spray,
Is the reflection of thine eyes,
Where lingereth Hope's mild ray.

Love's fair similitude art thou!
In regions of the main,
What Form etherial greets me now!
Doth Venus rise again?

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Burt, Mary Anne

The German Parnassus Specimens of the Choicest lyrical Compositions of
the most celebrated German Poets. Translated in english verse by Mary Anne
Burt

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